

THE ANGLO

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EDITOR.



AMERICAN.

E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE: 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1844.

VOL. 3. No. 3.

"WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

Thou art in Heaven, O God! around thy Throne
Ten thousand cherubim, in bright array,
With veiled faces thee their sovereign own,
And tremblingly their holy homage pay:
Ten thousand thousand Seraphim of light,
Before thee prostrate fall, Lord of all power and might.

Thou art in Heaven, Maker of earth and skies;
And from thy glorious place thine eyes behold
On every side thy vast creation rise,
World upon world, system on system rolled:
Brought into being by Almighty skill,
Forever on they glide, moved by thy sovereign will.

Thou art in Heaven, Creator of mankind;
Thy Providence our every step surveys:
Thou read'st the inmost thoughts of every mind,
And mark'st our private paths and public ways.
Our whole existence hangs upon thy breath;
At thy averted face, we shrink to instant death.

Thou art in Heaven, great Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar must all created stand,
Lo! from thy gaze Archangels shrink with dread,
Nor dare abide the judgment of thy hand.
And man,—whose feet have still perversely trod,—
Oh how shall fallen man be just before his God!

Thou art in Heaven, our Saviour:—'tis to thee,
When conscious guilt o'erwhelms the sinking soul,
The helpless wanderer may for succour flee,
And scape the fiery floods that o'er him roll.
Thou hast ascended to thy courts on high,
To ope for man the golden portals of the sky.

Thou art in Heaven, OUR FATHER; we may claim,—
Yea, even we may claim a father's love:
Thyself hast taught us this endeared name,
And given thine only Son, that love to prove.
Yes; we may look to Heaven as to our home;
For where our Father dwells, there we may also come.

New York, April, 1844.

W. M. C.

THE LAUGH OF MY CHILDHOOD.

The laugh of my childhood! remember I well,
And long in my mind will the melody dwell;
How gaily, how loudly, it rose on the air,
The voice of a spirit unblighted by care,
Whose feelings and passions no discord had known:
Like the chorals of an instrument sweetly in tone,
It gave out rich music; that music is o'er,
The laugh of my childhood will never ring more!

What trifles would oft to that laughter give birth!
For my bosom as quickly reflected each mirth
As the unsullied breast of a mirror-like stream
So faithfully answers the morning's first beam,
Or moves to the breath of the gentlest wind.
But now, all unheeded, no answer they find;
For dry is the fountain that fed the bright river—
The laugh of my childhood is silent for ever.

I may yet wear a smile, but it seems like the ghost
That haunts the home where the substance is lost;
I may yet try to laugh, but so strange and so drear
Is the sound of that laugh as it falls on mine ear,
That startled I shrink from its alter'd tone,
To dream of the gladness that once was mine own;
Oh could I recall it! my wishes are vain,
The laugh of my childhood will ne'er sound again.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—BARERE'S MEMOIRS.—[Continued]

From the last Edinburgh Quarterly Review.

The King was no more. The leading Girondists had, by their conduct towards him, lowered their character in the eyes both of friends and foes. They still, however, maintained the contest against the Mountain, called for vengeance on the assassins of September, and protested against the anarchical and sanguinary doctrines of Marat. For a time they seemed likely to prevail. As publicists and orators they had no rivals in the Convention. They had with them, beyond all doubt, the great majority both of the deputies and of the French nation. These advantages, it should seem, ought to have decided the event of the struggle. But the opposite party had compensating advantages of a different kind. The chiefs of the Mountain, though not eminently distinguished by eloquence or knowledge, had great audacity, activity and determination. The Convention and France were against them; but the mob of Paris, the clubs of Paris, and the municipal government of Paris, were on their side.

The policy of the Jacobins, in this situation, was to subject France to an aristocracy infinitely worse than that aristocracy which had emigrated with the Count of Artois—to an aristocracy not of birth, not of wealth, not of education,

but of mere locality. They would not hear of privileged orders; but they wished to have a privileged city. That twenty-five millions of Frenchmen should be ruled by a hundred thousand gentlemen and clergymen, was insufferable; but that twenty-five millions of Frenchmen should be ruled by a hundred thousand Parisians, was as it should be. The qualification of a member of the new oligarchy was simply that he should live near the hall where the Convention met, and should be able to squeeze himself daily into the gallery during a debate, and now and then to attend with a pike for the purpose of blockading the doors. It was quite agreeable to the maxims of the Mountain, that a score of draymen from Santerre's brewery, or of devils from Hébert's printing-house, should be permitted to drown the voices of men commissioned to speak the sense of such cities as Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Lyons; and that a rabble of half-naked porters from the Faubourg St. Antoine, should have power to annul decrees for which the representatives of fifty or sixty departments had voted. It was necessary to find some pretext for so odious and absurd a tyranny. Such a pretext was found. To the old phrases of liberty and equality were added the sonorous watchwords, unity and indivisibility. A new crime was invented, and called by the name of federalism. The object of the Girondists, it was asserted, was to break up the great nation into little independent commonwealths, bound together only by a league like that which connects the Swiss cantons or the United States of America. The great obstacle in the way of this pernicious design was the influence of Paris. To strengthen the influence of Paris ought therefore to be the chief object of every patriot.

The accusation brought against the leaders of the Girondist party was a mere calumny. They were undoubtedly desirous to prevent the capital from domineering over the republic, and would gladly have seen the Convention removed for a time to some provincial town, or placed under the protection of a trusty guard, which might have overawed the Parisian mob; but there is not the slightest reason to suspect them of any design against the unity of the state. Barère, however, really was a federalist, and, we are inclined to believe, the only federalist in the Convention. As far as a man so unstable and servile can be said to have felt any preference for any form of government, he felt a preference for federal government. He was born under the Pyrenees; he was a Gascon of the Gascons, one of a people strongly distinguished by intellectual and moral character, by manners, by modes of speech, by accent, and by physiognomy, from the French of the Seine and of the Loire; and he had many of the peculiarities of the race to which he belonged. When he first left his own province he had attained his thirty-fourth year, and had acquired a high local reputation for eloquence and literature. He had then visited Paris for the first time. He had found himself in a new world. His feelings were those of a banished man. It is clear also that he had been by no means without his share of the small disappointments and humiliations so often experienced by men of letters who, elated by provincial applause, venture to display their powers before the fastidious critics of a capital. On the other hand, whenever he revisited the mountains among which he had been born, he found himself an object of general admiration. His dislike of Paris, and his partiality to his native district, were therefore as strong and durable as any sentiments of a mind like his could be. He long continued to maintain, that the ascendancy of one great city was the bane of France; that the superiority of taste and intelligence which it was the fashion to ascribe to the inhabitants of that city were wholly imaginary; and that the nation would never enjoy a really good government till the Alsatian people, the Breton people, the people of Bearn, the people of Provence, should have each an independent existence, and laws suited to its own tastes and habits. To Paris he was unwilling to grant even the rank which Washington holds in the United States. He thought it desirable that the congress of the French federation should have no fixed place of meeting, but should sit sometimes at Rouen, sometimes at Bordeaux, sometimes at his own Toulouse.

Animated by such feelings, he was, till the close of May 1793, a Girondist, if not an ultra-Girondist. He exclaimed against those impure and bloodthirsty men who wished to make the public danger a pretext for cruelty and rapine. "Peril," he said, "could be no excuse for crime. It is when the wind blows hard, and the waves run high, that the anchor is most needed; it is when a revolution is raging, that the great laws of morality are most necessary to the safety of a state." Of Marat he spoke with abhorrence and contempt; of the municipal authorities of Paris with just severity. He loudly complained that there were Frenchmen who paid to the Mountain that homage which was due to the Convention alone. When the establishment of the Revolutionary Tribunal was first proposed, he joined himself to Vergniaud and Buzot, who strongly objected to that odious measure. "It cannot be," exclaimed Barère, "that men really attached to liberty will imitate the most frightful excesses of despotism!" He proved to the Convention, after his fashion, out of Sallust, that such arbitrary courts may indeed, for a time, be severe only on real criminals, but must inevitably degenerate into instruments of private cupidity and revenge. When, on the tenth of March, the worst part of the population of Paris, made the first unsuccessful attempt to destroy the Girondists, Barère, eagerly called for vigorous measures of repression and punishment. On the second of April, another attempt of the Jacobins of Paris to usurp supreme dominion over the republic, was brought to the knowledge of the Convention; and again Barère spoke with warmth against the new tyranny which afflicted France, and declared that the people of the departments would never crouch beneath the tyranny of one ambitious city. He even proposed a resolution to the effect, that the Convention would exert against the demagogues of the capital the same energy which had been exerted against the tyrant Louis. We are assured that, in private as in public, he at this time uniformly spoke with strong aversion of the Mountain.

His apparent zeal for the cause of humanity and order had its reward. Early in April came the tidings of Dumourier's defection. This was a heavy blow

to the Girondists. Dumourier was their general. His victories had thrown a lustre on the whole party; his army, it had been hoped, would, in the worst event, protect the deputies of the nation against the ragged pikemen of the garrers of Paris. He was now a deserter and an exile; and those who had lately placed their chief reliance on his support were compelled to join with their deadliest enemies in execrating his treason. At this perilous conjuncture, it was resolved to appoint a Committee of Public Safety, and to arm that committee with powers, small indeed when compared with those which it afterwards drew to itself, but still great and formidable. The moderate party, regarding Barère as a representative of their feelings and opinions, elected him a member. In his new situation he soon began to make himself useful. He brought to the deliberations of the Committee, not indeed the knowledge or the ability of a great statesman, but a tongue and a pen which, if others would only supply ideas, never paused for a want of words. His mind was a mere organ of communication between other minds. It originated nothing; it retained nothing; but it transmitted every thing. The post assigned to him by his colleagues was not really of the highest importance; but it was prominent, and drew the attention of all Europe. When a great measure was to be brought forward, when an account was to be rendered of an important event, he was generally the mouthpiece of the administration. He was therefore not unnaturally considered, by persons who lived at a distance from the seat of government, and above all by foreigners who, while the war raged, knew France only from Journals, as the head of that administration of which, in truth, he was only the secretary and the spokesman. The author of the History of Europe, in our own Annual Registers, appears to have been completely under this delusion.

The conflict between the hostile parties was meanwhile fast approaching to a crisis. The temper of Paris grew daily fiercer and fiercer. Delegates appointed by thirty-five of the forty-eight wards of the city appeared at the bar of the Convention, and demanded that Vergniaud, Brissot, Guadet, Gensonné, Barbaroux, Buzot, Pétion, Louvet, and many other deputies, should be expelled. This demand was disapproved by at least three-fourths of the Assembly, and, when known in the departments, called forth a general cry of indignation. Bordeaux declared that it would stand by its representatives, and would, if necessary, defend them by the sword against the tyranny of Paris. Lyons and Marseilles were animated by a similar spirit. These manifestations of public opinion gave courage to the majority of the Convention. Thanks were voted to the people of Bordeaux for their patriotic declaration, and a commission consisting of twelve members was appointed for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the municipal authorities of Paris; and was empowered to place under arrest such persons as should appear to have been concerned in any plot against the authority of the Convention. This measure was adopted on the motion of Barère.

A few days of stormy excitement and profound anxiety followed; and then came the crash. On the thirty-first of May the mob of Paris rose; the palace of the Tuileries was besieged by a vast array of pikes; the majority of the deputies, after vain struggles and remonstrances, yielded to violence, and suffered the Mountain to carry a decree for the suspension and arrest of the deputies whom the wards of the capital had accused.

During this contest, Barère had been tossed backwards and forwards between the two raging factions. His feelings, languid and unsteady as they always were, drew him to the Girondists; but he was awed by the vigour and determination of the Mountain. At one moment he held high and firm language, complained that the Convention was not free, and protested against the validity of any vote passed under coercion. At another moment he proposed to conciliate the Parisians by abolishing that commission of twelve which he had himself proposed only a few days before; and himself drew up a paper condemning the very measures which had been adopted at his own instance, and eulogizing the public spirit of the insurgents. To do him justice, it was not without some symptoms of shame that he read this document from the tribune, where he had so often expressed very different sentiments. It is said that, at some passages, he was seen to blush. It may have been so; he was still in his noviciate of infamy.

Some days later he proposed that hostages for the personal safety of the accused deputies should be sent to the departments, and offered to be himself one of those hostages. Nor do we in the least doubt that the offer was sincere. He would, we firmly believe, have thought himself far safer at Bordeaux or Marseilles than at Paris. His proposition, however, was not carried into effect; and he remained in the power of the victorious Mountain.

This was the great crisis of his life. Hitherto he had done nothing inexpiable, nothing which marked him out as a much worse man than most of his colleagues in the Convention. His voice had generally been on the side of moderate measures. Had he bravely cast in his lot with the Girondists, and suffered with them, he would, like them, have had a not dishonourable place in history. Had he, like the great body of deputies who meant well, but who had not the courage to expose themselves to martyrdom, crouched quietly under the dominion of the triumphant minority, and suffered every motion of Robespierre and Billaut to pass unopposed, he would have incurred no peculiar ignominy. But it is probable that this course was not open to him. He had been too prominent among the adversaries of the Mountain, to be admitted to quarter without making some atonement. It was necessary that, if he hoped to find pardon from his new lords, he should not be merely a silent and passive slave. What passed in private between him and them cannot be accurately related; but the result was soon apparent. The Committee of Public Safety was renewed. Several of the hercest of the dominant faction, Couthon for example, and St. Just, were substituted for more moderate politicians; but Barère was suffered to retain his seat at the Board.

The indulgence with which he was treated excited the murmurs of some stern and ardent zealots. Marat, in the very last words that he wrote, words not published till the dagger of Charlotte Corday had avenged France and mankind, complained that a man who had no principles, who was always on the side of the strongest, who had been a royalist, and who was ready, in case of a turn of fortune, to be a royalist again, should be entrusted with an important share in the administration.* But the chiefs of the Mountain judged more correctly. They knew indeed, as well as Marat, that Barère was a man utterly without faith or steadiness; that, if he could be said to have any political leaning, his leaning was not towards them; that he felt for the Girondist party that faint and wavering sort of preference of which alone his nature was susceptible; and that, if he had been at liberty to make his choice, he would rather have murdered Robespierre and Danton, than Vergniaud and Gensonné. But they justly appreciated that levity which made him incapable alike of earnest love and of earnest hatred, and that meanness which made it necessary to him to have

a master. The curse of Canaan was upon him. He was born a slave. Baseness was an instinct in him. The impulse which drove him from a party in adversity to a party in prosperity, was as irresistible as that which drives the cuckoo and the swallow towards the sun when the dark and cold months are approaching. The law which doomed him to be the humble attendant of stronger spirits resembled the law which binds the pilot-fish to the shark. "Ken ye," said a squire of Scotch lord, who was asked his opinion of James the First; "Ken ye a John Ape? If I have Jacko by the collar, I can make him bite you; but if you have Jacko, you can make him bite me." Just such a creature was Barère. In the hands of the Girondists he would have been eager to proscribe the Jacobins; he was just as ready, in the gripe of the Jacobins, to proscribe the Girondists. On the fidelity of such a man, the heads of the Mountain could not, of course, reckon; but they valued their conquest as the very easy and not very delicate lover in Congreve's lively song valued the conquest of a prostitute of a different kind. Barère was, like Chloe, false and common; but he was, like Chloe, constant while possessed; and they asked no more. They needed a service which he was perfectly competent to perform. Destitute as he was of all the talents both of an active and of a speculative statesman, he could with great facility draw up a report, or make a speech on any subject and on any side. If other people would furnish facts and thoughts, he could always furnish phrases; and this talent was absolutely at the command of his owners for the time being. Nor had he excited any angry passion among those to whom he had hitherto been opposed. They felt no more hatred to him than they felt to the horses which dragged the cannon of the Duke of Brunswick and of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. The horses had only done according to their kind, and would, if they fell into the hands of the French, drag with equal vigour and equal docility the guns of the republic, and therefore ought not merely to be spared, but to be well fed and curried. So was it with Barère. He was of a nature so slow, that it might be doubted whether he could properly be an object of the hostility of reasonable beings. He had not been an enemy; he was not now a friend. But he had been an annoyance; and he would now be a help.

But though the heads of the Mountain pardoned this man, and admitted him into partnership with themselves, it was not without exacting pledges such as made it impossible for him, false and fickle as he was, ever again to find admission into the ranks which he had deserted. That was truly a terrible sacrament by which they admitted the apostate into their communion. They demanded of him that he should himself take the most prominent part in murdering his old friends. To refuse was as much as his life was worth. But what is life worth when it is only one long agony of remorse and shame? These, however, are feelings of which it is idle to talk, when we are considering the conduct of such a man as Barère. He undertook the task, mounted the tribune, and told the Convention that the time was come for taking the stern attitude of justice, and for striking at all conspirators without distinction. He then moved that Buzot, Barbaroux, Pétion, and thirteen other deputies, should be placed out of the pale of the law, or, in other words, beheaded without a trial; and that Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, and six others should be impeached. The motion was carried without debate.

We have already seen with what effrontery Barère has denied, in these Memoirs, that he took any part against the Girondists. This denial, we think, was the only thing wanting to make his infamy complete. The most impudent of all lies was a fit companion for the foulest of all murders.

Barère, however, had not yet earned his pardon. The Jacobin party contained one gang which, even in that party, was pre-eminent in every mean and every savage vice, a gang so low-minded and so inhuman, that, compared with them, Robespierre might be called magnanimous and merciful. Of these wretches Hébert was perhaps the best representative. His favourite amusement was to torment and insult the miserable remains of that great family which, having ruled France during eight hundred years, had now become an object of pity to the humblest artisan or peasant. The influence of this man, and of men like him, induced the Committee of Public Safety to determine that Marie Antoinette should be sent to the scaffold. Barère was again summoned to his duty. Only four days after he had proposed the decrees against the Girondist deputies he again mounted the tribune, in order to move that the Queen should be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was improving fast in the society of his new allies. When he asked for the heads of Vergniaud and Pétion, he had spoken like a man who had some slight sense of his own guilt and degradation; he had said little, and that little had not been violent. The office of expiating on the guilt of his old friends he had left to Saint Just. Very different was Barère's second appearance in the character of an accuser. He now cried out for blood in the eager tones of the true and burning thirst, and raved against the Austrian woman with the virulence, natural to a coward who finds himself at liberty to outrage that which he has feared and envied. We have already exposed the shameless mendacity with which, in these Memoirs, he attempts to throw the blame of his own guilt on the guiltless.

On the day on which the fallen Queen was dragged, already more than half dead, to her doom, Barère regaled Robespierre and some other Jacobins at a tavern. Robespierre's acceptance of the invitation caused some surprise to those who knew how long and how bitterly it was his nature to hate. "Robespierre of the party!" muttered Saint Just. "Barère is the only man whom Robespierre has forgiven." We have an account of this singular repast from one of the guests. Robespierre condemned the senseless brutality with which Hébert had conducted the proceedings against the Austrian woman, and, in talking on that subject, became so much excited that he broke his plate in the violence of his gesticulation. Barère exclaimed that the guillotine had cut a diplomatic knot which it might have been difficult to untie. In the intervals between the Beaune and the Champagne, between the ragout of thrushes and the partridge with truffles, he fervently preached his new political creed. "The vessel of the revolution," he said, "can float into port only on waves of blood. We must begin with the members of the National Assembly and of the Legislative Assembly. That rubbish must be swept away."

As he talked at table he talked in the Convention. His peculiar style of oratory was now formed. It was not altogether without ingenuity and liveliness. But, in any other age or country, it would have been thought unfit for the deliberations of a grave assembly, and still more unfit for state papers. But in France, during the reign of the Convention, the old laws of composition were held in as much contempt as the old government or the old creed. Correct and noble diction belonged, like the etiquette of Versailles and the solemnities of Notre Dame, to an age which had passed away. Just as a swarm of ephemeral constitutions, democratic, directorial, and consular, sprang from the decay of the ancient monarchy; just as a swarm of new superstitions, the worship of the Goddess of Reason, and the fooleries of the Theophilanthropists, sprang from the decay of the ancient Church; even so, out of the decay of the

* See the "Publiciste" of the 14th of July 1793. Marat was stabbed on the evening of the 13th.

ancient French eloquence, sprang new fashions of eloquence, for the understanding of which new grammars and dictionaries were necessary. The same innovating spirit which altered the common phrases of salutation, which turned hundreds of Johns and Peters into Scævolas and Aristogitons, and which expelled Sunday and Monday, January and February, Lady-day and Christmas, from the calendar, in order to substitute Decadi and Primidi, Nivose and Pluviose, Feasts of opinion and Feasts of the Supreme Being, changed all the forms of official correspondence. For the calm, guarded, and sternly courteous language which governments had long been accustomed to employ, were substituted puns, interjections, Ossianic rants, rhetoric worthy only of a schoolboy, scurrility worthy only of a fishwife. Of the phraseology which was now thought to be peculiarly well suited to a Report or a Manifesto, Barère had a greater command than any man of his time; and, during the short and sharp paroxysm of the revolutionary delirium, passed for a great orator. When the fit was over, he was considered as what he really was, a man of quick apprehension and fluent elocution, with no originality, with little information, and with a taste as bad as his heart. His Reports were popularly called Carnagnoles. A few months ago, we should have had some difficulty in conveying to an English reader an exact notion of the state papers to which this appellation was given. Fortunately a noble and distinguished person, whom her Majesty's Ministers have thought qualified to fill the most important post in the empire, has made our task easy. Whoever has read Lord Ellenborough's proclamations is able to form a complete idea of a Carnagnole.

The effect which Barère's discourses at one time produced is not to be wholly attributed to the perversion of the national taste. The occasions on which he rose were frequently such as would have secured to the worst speaker a favourable hearing. When any military advantage had been gained, he was generally deputed by the Committee of Public Safety to announce the good news. The hail resounded with applause as he mounted the tribune, holding the despatches in his hand. Deputies and strangers listened with delight while he told them that victory was the order of the day; that the guineas of Pitt had been vainly lavished to hire machines six feet high, carrying guns; that the flight of the English leopard deserved to be celebrated by Tyrtæus; and that the saltpetre dug out of the cellars of Paris had been turned into thunder, which would crush the Titan brethren, George and Francis.

Meanwhile the trial of the accused Girondists, who were under arrest at Paris, came on. They flattered themselves with a vain hope of escape. They placed some reliance on their innocence, and some reliance on their eloquence. They thought that shame would suffice to restrain any man, however violent and cruel, from publicly committing the flagrant iniquity of condemning them to death. The Revolutionary Tribunal was new to its functions. No member of the Convention had yet been executed; and it was probable that the boldest Jacobin would shrink from being the first to violate the sanctity which was supposed to belong to the representatives of the people.

The proceedings lasted some days. Gensonne and Brissot defended themselves with great ability and presence of mind against the vile Hebert and Chaumette, who appeared as accusers. The eloquent voice of Vergniaud was heard for the last time. He pleaded his own cause, and that of his friends, with such force of reason and elevation of sentiment that a murmur of pity and admiration rose from the audience. Nay, the court itself, not yet accustomed to riot in daily carnage, showed signs of emotion. The sitting was adjourned, and a rumour went forth that there should be an acquittal. The Jacobins met, breathing vengeance. Robespierre undertook to be their organ. He rose on the following day in the Convention, and proposed a decree of such atrocity, that even among the acts of that year it can hardly be paralleled. By this decree the tribunal was empowered to cut short the defence of the prisoners, to pronounce the case clear, and to pass immediate judgment. One deputy made a faint opposition. Barère instantly sprang up to support Robespierre—Barère, the federalist; Barère, the author of that commission of Twelve which was among the chief causes of the hatred borne by Paris to the Girondists; Barère, who in these Memoirs denies that he ever took any part against the Girondists; who has the effrontery to declare that he greatly loved and esteemed Vergniaud. The decree was passed; and the tribunal, without suffering the prisoners to conclude what they had to say, pronounced them guilty.

The following day was the saddest in the sad history of the Revolution. The sufferers were so innocent, so brave, so eloquent, so accomplished, so young. Some of them were graceful and handsome youths of six or seven and twenty. Vergniaud and Gensonne were little more than thirty. They had been only a few months engaged in public affairs. In a few months the fame of their genius had filled Europe; and they were to die for no crime but this, that they had wished to combine order, justice, and mercy with freedom. Their great fault was want of courage. We mean want of political courage—of that courage which is proof to clamour and obloquy, and which meets great emergencies by daring and decisive measures. Alas! they had but too good an opportunity of proving, that they did not want courage to endure with manly cheerfulness the worst that could be inflicted by such tyrants as St. Just, and such slaves as Barère.

They were not the only victims of the noble cause. Madame Roland followed them to the scaffold with a spirit as heroic as their own. Her husband was in a safe hiding-place, but could not bear to survive her. His body was found on the highroad, near Rouen. He had fallen on his sword. Condorcet swallowed opium. At Bordeaux, the steel fell on the necks of the bold and quick-witted Guadet, and of Barbaroux, the chief of those enthusiasts from the Rhone whose valour, in the great crisis of the tenth of August, had turned back the tide of battle from the Louvre to the Tuilleries. In a field near the Garonne was found all that the wolves had left of Petion, once honoured, greatly indeed beyond his deserts, as the model of republican virtue. We are far from regarding even the best of the Girondists with unmixed admiration; but history owes to them this honourable testimony, that, being free to choose whether they would be oppressors or victims, they deliberately and firmly resolved rather to suffer injustice than to inflict it.

And now began that strange period known by the name of the Reign of Terror. The Jacobins had prevailed. This was their hour, and the power of darkness. The Convention was subjugated, and reduced to profound silence on the highest questions of state. The sovereignty passed to the Committee of Public Safety. To the edicts framed by that Committee, the representative assembly did not venture to offer even the species of opposition which the ancient Parliament had frequently offered to the mandates of the ancient Kings. Six persons had the chief power in the small cabinet which now domineered over France—Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Callot, Billaud, and Barère.

To some of these men, and of those who adhered to them, it is due to say, that the fanaticism which had emancipated them from the restraints of justice and compassion, had emancipated them also from the dominion of vulgar cupidity and of vulgar fear; that, while hardly knowing where to find an assignat

of a few francs to pay for a dinner, they expended with strict integrity the immense revenue which they collected by every art of rapine; and that they were ready, in support of their cause, to mount the scaffold with as much indifference as they showed when they signed the death-warrants of aristocrats and priests. But no great party can be composed of such materials as these. It is the inevitable law, that such zealots as we have described shall collect around them a multitude of slaves, of cowards, and of libertines, whose savage tempers and licentious appetites, withheld only by the dread of law and magistracy from the worst excesses, are called into full activity by the hope of impunity. A faction which, from whatever motive, relaxes the great laws of morality, is certain to be joined by the most immoral part of the community. This has been repeatedly proved in religious wars. The war of the Holy Sepulchre, the Albigensian war, the Huguenot war, the Thirty Years' war, all originated in pious zeal. That zeal inflamed the champions of the church to such a point, that they regarded all generosity to the vanquished as a sinful weakness. The infidel, the heretic, was to be run down like a mad dog. No outrage committed by the Catholic warrior on the miscreant enemy could deserve punishment. As soon as it was known that boundless license was thus given to barbarity and dissoluteness, thousands of wretches who cared nothing for the sacred cause, but who were eager to be exempted from the police of peaceful cities, and the discipline of well-governed camps, flocked to the standard of the faith. The men who had set up that standard were sincere, chaste, regardless of lucre, and perhaps, where only themselves were concerned, not unforgiving; but round that standard were assembled such gangs of rogues, ravishers, plunderers, and ferocious bravoos, as were scarcely ever found under the flag of any state engaged in a mere temporal quarrel. In a very similar way was the Jacobin party composed. There was a small nucleus of enthusiasts; round that nucleus was gathered a vast mass of ignoble depravity; and in all that mass, there was nothing so depraved and so ignoble as Barère.

Then came those days, when the most barbarous of all codes was administered by the most barbarous of all tribunals; when no man could greet his neighbours, or say his prayers, or dress his hair, without danger of committing a capital crime; when spies lurked in every corner; when the guillotine was long and hard at work every morning; when the jails were filled as close as the hold of a slave-ship; when the gutters ran foaming with blood into the Seine; when it was death to be great-niece of a captain of the royal guards, or half-brother of a doctor of the Sorbonne, to express a doubt whether assignats would not fall, to hint that the English had been victorious in the action of the First of June, to have a copy of one of Burke's pamphlets locked up in a desk, to laugh at a Jacobin for taking the name of Cassius or Timoleon, or to call the Fifth Sans culottide by its old superstitious name of St. Matthew's Day. While the daily waggon-loads of victims were carried to their doom through the streets of Paris, the Proconsuls whom the sovereign Committee had sent forth to the departments, revelled in an extravagance of cruelty unknown even in the capital. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell too slow for their work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grape-shot. Hoies were made in the bottom of crowded barges. Lyons was turned into a desert. At Arras even the cruel mercy of a speedy death was denied to the prisoners. All down the Loire, from Saumur to the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twined together in hideous embraces. No mercy was shown to sex or age. The number of young lads and of girls of seventeen who were murdered by that execrable government, is to be reckoned by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with ears. Another swaggered about with the finger of a little child in his hat. A few months had sufficed to degrade France below the level of New Zealand.

It is absurd to say, that any amount of public danger can justify a system like this, we do not say on Christian principles, we do not say on the principles of a high morality, but even on principles of Machiavelian policy. It is true that great emergencies call for activity and vigilance; it is true that they justify severity which, in ordinary times, would deserve the name of cruelty. But indiscriminate severity can never, under any circumstances, be useful. It is plain that the whole efficacy of punishment depends on the care with which the guilty are distinguished. Punishment which strikes the guilty and the innocent promiscuously operates merely like a pestilence or a great convulsion of nature, and has no more tendency to prevent offences, than the cholera, or an earthquake like that of Lisbon, would have. The energy for which the Jacobin administration is praised was merely the energy of the Malay who maddens himself with opium, draws his knife, and runs a-muck through the streets, slashing right and left at friends and foes. Such has never been the energy of truly great rulers; of Elizabeth, for example, of Oliver, or of Frederick. They were not, indeed, scrupulous. But, had they been less scrupulous than they were, the strength and amplitude of their minds would have preserved them from crimes, such as those which the small men of the Committee of Public Safety took for daring strokes of policy. The great Queen who so long held her own against foreign and domestic enemies, against temporal and spiritual arms; the great Protector who governed with more than regal power, in despite both of royalists and republicans; the great King who, with a beaten army and an exhausted treasury, defended his little dominions to the last against the united efforts of Russia, Austria, and France; with what scorn would they have heard that it was impossible for them to strike a salutary terror into the disaffected, without sending school-boys and school-girls to death by cart-loads and boat-loads!

The popular notion is, we believe, that the leading Terrorists were wicked men, but, at the same time, great men. We can see nothing great about them but their wickedness. That their policy was daringly original is a vulgar error. Their policy is as old as the oldest accounts which we have of human misgovernment. It seemed new in France, and in the eighteenth century, only because it had been long disused, for excellent reasons, by the enlightened part of mankind. But it has prevailed, and still prevails, in savage and half-savage nations, and is the chief cause which prevents such nations from making advances towards civilization. Thousands of deys, of beys, of pachas, of rajahs, of nabobs, have shown themselves as great masters of statecraft as the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Thezzar, we imagine was superior to any of them in their own line. In fact, there is not a petty tyrant in Asia or Africa so dull or so unlearned as not to be fully qualified for the business of Jacobin police and Jacobin finance. To behold people by scores without caring whether they are guilty or innocent; to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailers and executioners; to rob the public creditor, and to put him to death if he remonstrates; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another man's horses and saddles, without compensation, is of all modes of governing the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we at present say nothing. But surely it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child. By

means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission, and in raising immense funds. But to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well-affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigencies without violating the security of property, and drying up the sources of future prosperity. Such a statesman, we are confident, might, in 1793, have preserved the independence of France, without shedding a drop of innocent blood, without plundering a single warehouse. Unhappily, the Republic was subject to men who were mere demagogues, and in no sense statesmen. They could declaim at a club. They could lead a rabble to mischief. But they had no skill to conduct the affairs of an empire. The want of skill they supplied for a time by atrocity and blind violence. For legislative ability, fiscal ability, diplomatic ability, they had one substitute, the guillotine. Indeed their exceeding ignorance, and the barrenness of their invention, are the best excuse for their murders and robberies. We really believe that they would not have cut so many throats, and picked so many pockets, if they had known how to govern in any other way.

That, under their administration, the war against the European Coalition was successfully conducted, is true. But that war had been successfully conducted after their fall. Terror was now the order of the day when Brussels opened its gates to Dumourier. Terror had ceased to be the order of the day when Piedmont and Lombardy were conquered by Bonaparte. The truth is, that France was saved, not by the Committee of Public Safety, but by the energy, patriotism, and valour of the French people. Those high qualities were victorious in spite of the incapacity of rulers whose administration was a tissue, not merely of crimes, but of blunders.

We have not time to tell how the leaders of the savage faction at length began to avenge mankind on each other; how the craven Hebert was dragged wailing and trembling to his doom; how the nobler Danton, moved by a late repentance, strove in vain to repair the evil which he had wrought, and half redeemed the great crime of September, by manfully encountering death in the cause of mercy.

Our business is with Barère. In all those things he was not only consenting, but eagerly and joyously forward. Not merely was he one of the guilty administration. He was the man to whom was especially assigned the office of proposing and defending outrages on justice and humanity, and of furnishing to atrocious schemes an appropriate garb of atrocious rodomontade. Barère first proclaimed from the tribune of the Convention, that terror must be the order of the day. It was by Barère that the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris was provided with the aid of a public accuser worthy of such a court, the infamous Fouquier Tinville. It was Barère who, when one of the old members of the National Assembly had been absolved by the Revolutionary Tribunal, gave orders that a fresh jury should be summoned. "Acquit one of the National Assembly!" he cried. "The tribunal is turning against the Revolution." It is unnecessary to say that the prisoner's head was soon in the basket. It was Barère who moved that the city of Lyons should be destroyed. "Let the plough," he cried from the tribune, "pass over her. Let her name cease to exist. The rebels are conquered; but are they all exterminated? No weakness. No mercy. Let every one be smitten. Two words will suffice to tell the whole. Lyons made war on liberty; Lyons is no more." When Toulon was taken Barère came forward to announce the event. "The conquest," said the apostate Brissotine, "won by the Mountain over the Brissotines, must be commemorated by a mark set on the place where Toulon once stood. The national thunder must crush the house of every trader in the town." When Camille Desmoulins, long distinguished among the republicans by zeal and ability, dared to raise his eloquent voice against the Reign of Terror, and to point out the close analogy between the government which then oppressed France and the government of the worst of the Cæsars, Barère rose to complain of the weak compassion which tried to revive the hopes of the aristocracy. "Whoever," he said, "is nobly born, is a man to be suspected. Every priest, every frequenter of the old court, every lawyer, every banker, is a man to be suspected. Every person who grumbles at the course which the Revolution takes, is a man to be suspected. There are whole castes already tried and condemned. Their are callings which carry their doom with them. There are relations of blood which the law regards with an evil eye. Republicans of France!" yelled the renegade Girondist, the old enemy of the Mountain—"Republicans of France! the Brissotines led you by gentle means to slavery. The Mountain leads you by strong measures to freedom. Oh! who can count the evils which a false compassion may produce?" When the friends of Danton mustered courage to express a wish that the Convention would at least hear him, in his own defence, before it sent him to certain death, the voice of Barère was the loudest in opposition to their prayer. When the crimes of Lebon, one of the worst, if not the very worst, of the vicegerents of the Committee of Public Safety, had so maddened the people of the Department of the North, that they resorted to the desperate expedient of imploiring the protection of the Convention, Barère pleaded the cause of the accused tyrant, and threatened the petitioners with the utmost vengeance of the government. "These charges," he said, "have been suggested by wily aristocrats. The man who crushes the enemies of the people, though he may be hurried by his zeal into some excesses, can never be a proper object of censure. The proceedings of Lebon may have been a little harsh as to form." One of the small irregularities thus gently censured was this: Lebon kept a wretched man a quarter of an hour under the knife of the guillotine, in order to torment him, by reading to him, before he was dispatched, a letter, the contents of which were supposed to be such as would aggravate even the bitterness of death. "But what," proceeded Barère, "is not permitted to the hatred of a republican against aristocracy? How many generous sentiments atone for what may perhaps seem acrimonious in the prosecution of public enemies? Revolutionary measures are always to be spoken of with respect. Liberty is a virgin whose veil it is not lawful to lift."

After this, it would be idle to dwell on facts which would indeed, of themselves, suffice to render a name infamous, but which make no perceptible addition to the great infamy of Barère. It would be idle, for example, to relate how he, a man of letters, a member of an Academy of Inscriptions, was foremost in that war against learning, art, and history which disgraced the Jacobin government; how he recommended a general conflagration of libraries; how he proclaimed that all records of events anterior to the Revolution ought to be destroyed; how he laid waste the abbey of St. Denis, pulled down monuments consecrated by the veneration of ages, and scattered on the wind the dust of ancient Kings. He was, in truth, seldom so well employed as when he turned for a moment from making war on the living to make war on the dead.

Equally idle would it be to dilate on his sensual excesses. That in Barère,

as in the whole breed of Neros, Caligulas, and Domitians whom he resembled, voluptuousness was mingled with cruelty; that he withdrew, twice in every decade, from the work of blood to the smiling gardens of Clichy, and there forgot public cares in the madness of wine, and in the arms of courtesans, has often been repeated. M. Hippolyte Carnot does not altogether deny the truth of these stories, but justly observes that Barère's dissipation was not carried to such a point as to interfere with his industry. Nothing can be more true. Barère was by no means so much addicted to debauchery as to neglect the work of murder. It was his boast that, even during his hours of recreation, he cut out work for the Revolutionary Tribunal. To those who expressed a fear that his exertions would hurt his health, he gaily answered that he was less busy than they thought. "The guillotine," he said, "does all; the guillotine governs." For ourselves, we are much more disposed to look indulgently on the pleasures which he allowed to himself, than on the pain which he inflicted on his neighbours.

"Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sevitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi
Illustresque animas, impune ac vindice nullo."

An immoderate appetite for sensual gratifications is undoubtedly a blemish on the fame of Henry the Fourth, of Lord Somers, of Mr. Fox. But the vices of honest men are the virtues of Barère.—[To be continued.]

SOCIAL NUISANCES.

THE LAP-DOG.

Using the word dog as the Turks and Persians do when they say, "dog of a Jew," or "dog of a Christian," we take leave to style the lap-dog the dog of dogs, in order to mark the antipathy we bear to the most intolerable variety of the canine species. We assert with the utmost deliberation and solemnity, that we would infinitely prefer to have the country over-run again with bears and wolves, as it was in the days of the Heptarchy, than infested, as it now is under the House of Hanover, with those venomous little domestic nuisances, yclept lap-dogs. The bear and the wolf were only to be met with in the woods and wilds, where it was a man's own fault if he went to meet them; but the lap-dog is a wild-beast which you must fly to the woods and wilds to avoid, for he haunts the drawing-room and the boudoir; the hearth-rug is his jungle; the sofa his lair; he maketh his den of embroidered cushions, and imitates the action of the tiger, even in the soft situation from which he derives his name. More lively by many degrees is our dread of a London lap-dog than of a Bengal-tiger. A general battue of the race of pugs and poodles, Shocks, Snaps, and Fidos, would be a splendid service to the public; and if the British sportsman is a patriot, this hunt will not be given in vain. Hitherto, the diminutive size of this ferocious animal has screened him from the stroke of justice; but it ought to protect him no longer. The flea is minuter a great deal, yet chambermaids are expressly commissioned to make war upon the flea, and extirpate it from bed and blanket. In fact, the smaller a mischievous creature is, the more difficult is it to guard against its attacks, and it is consequently formidable in an inverse proportion to its corporal dimensions. There is nothing so spiteful as the lap-dog: in no animal creation are all the bad passions so completely developed or so shockingly conspicuous. Rancour, envy, jealousy, treachery, are amongst its "minor morals,"—the smallest graces of its character. It possesses a forty-spinster power of malice and all uncharitableness.

To give a mythological account of the origin of the breed, we should suppose the first lap-dog to have been the pet of those three virulent old maids, the Furies, and to have followed their heels, with a collar of snakes round its pretty neck, as its odious descendants wear pink ribbons. Perhaps the "Stygian pug," kept by the great wizard Agrippa, was the identical darling of Miss Tisiphone and her sisters. Or, it is easy to conceive Cerberus to have been the Fido of Queen Proserpine, and a charming little dear no doubt he was sporting about the Pandemonian drawing-room, and occasionally drawing "iron tears down Pluto's cheek," by snapping at his sable majesty's nose, or biting his royal thumb.

We never see a lady and her lap-dog without thinking of Beauty and the Beast. It is observable that dogs of this description are actually prized for their ill-temper, for the fierceness of their bark, and their alacrity of biting,—the very qualities for which, in a well-governed country, they would infallibly be hanged or drowned. Often have I been scared out of my wits by the wicked, vindictive snarl of one of these social plagues, and then seen the creatures caressed and fondled, nay, presented with plum-cake and Naples biscuit, to reward his "vivacity," his "spirit," or his "playfulness."

What would the Belindas think if for every Shock they harbour in their drawing-rooms, the Barons and Sir Plumes were to cherish tarantulas, and visit with favourite adders, and pet scorpions in their pockets. I have often thought of at least trying the effect of a lap-mouse or a lap-spider, and requesting my fair friends to admire its "spirit," its "playfulness," the "vivacity" of the "dear little creeping-thing," or the "poor sweet" reptile!

Barbarous as fashionable life is in many a particular, it has no more savage custom than this of turning our saloons into kennels, and training a breed of dogs for the express purpose of frightening, worrying, snarling, at our guests and acquaintance. There are hare-hounds, fox-hounds, deer-hounds, but the lap-dog is a man-hound. He hunts me out of society. From one house I am hunted by a villainous Dutch pug; from another chased by a King Charles towards whom I feel an ungovernable propensity to act the part of a Cromwell; from a third I am terrified by a treacherous vixen of an Italian greyhound, whose notorious perfidy has earned him the appellation of Fidele. There is one drawing-room in May Fair into which I have sworn on holy books never again to set my foot, without a dose of Prussic acid disguised in a biscuit, to bribe the lady's pet Cerberus, just as Virgil's Sybil appeases his great original at the gates of hell with a cake of honey and morphine.

Instead of committing the care of Belinda's Shock to Ariel, or any "delicate spirit," I would make Caliban its guardian, or all the imps in Orcus.

"Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock!" Well, we certainly do see many a nuisance in this world in the enjoyment of august patronage, and under high protectorates, and so let it be with lap-dogs. I would not be on better terms with them if they had all the daintiest sprites in Faery-land in their interest.

Their selfishness is detestable; they engross the snuggest chairs in the room, and secure the best morsels on the table, and drink up all the cream at breakfast without the least regard to the duties of hospitality, or the commonest principles of politeness. Notwithstanding the high society they move in, I really think them the worst-bred dogs in the kingdom. If you want to see a genuine specimen of "Low Life Above Stairs," just observe the behaviour of Lady Dogberry's amiable pet, Cayenne, or Miss Curry's Weasel! The former is the dear innocent whom I propose to treat some early day to plum cake and Prussic acid. If ever a dog was possessed by Beelzebub, that dog is Ca-

yenue. He is just one little round lump of fiery red pepper, with the irritability of a wasp, the pugnacity of a bull-dog, and the animus of a mosquito. He bit my toe to the bone one evening without the slightest provocation in life. By the merest accident, while conversing with his mistress, I placed my headless foot on the edge of the stool where he was apparently reposing like a bishop or mitred abbot after refection.

"Grrllrrr—grrllrrr—" then a snap and a bite that went through boot, stocking, skin, flesh, right to the bone. I think he has earned the Prussic acid! He shall have it, by the hatred I bear his entire race; he shall have it before the present season is over, or may the next bite of a lap-dog snap off my head.

My Lady Dogberry, I must further acquaint the reader, acted upon the occasion I refer to, in the usual way in which ladies act, who keep mischievous curs in collars to torment and worry their acquaintance. Not a pang did my sufferings cost her; not one expression of regret did she utter, except for the execrable whelp, who having pierced my foot through and through with his fangs, fled with the instinct of a cowardly assassin, and took shelter under a table, still uttering his hideous "Grrllrrrrr!—grrllrrrrr."

"My poor Cayenne! how frightened he is! he never could endure patent leather. Come, poor fellow! Come, Cayenne!" And Cayenne came at length, with another "Grrllrrr," from forth his sanctuary and had lots of Naples biscuit and cream to encourage and console him.

There is another charge which I have to bring against these four-footed pests of society. From all that I have seen and heard of their habits and practices, I am fully convinced that avarice is one of their vices, if not their ruling passion. People may smile at the notion of an avaricious poodle, or a covetous Italian greyhound, but observation has assured me that these offensive curs are as sordid and self-interested as pug or man can be. The fact is that being frequently remembered in the wills and codicils of their fond mistresses, like all greedy expectants of such posthumous favours, they entertain the utmost spite against rivals of all descriptions, whether a servant or a squirrel, a maid or a magpie, the parson or the parrot, the grandchild or the guest. Why, I have known a lap-dog made residuary legatee! And when a gentleman's property goes to the dogs, one sees no reason why a dog should not be even her executor, or obtain letters of administration.

I myself looked forward for many years to be remembered in the last will and testament of an ancient female relative in Berkshire; but I have long renounced every hope of such good-luck, her lap-dog is so keen a fortune-hunter, and has acquired such a complete ascendancy over her. I know I shall be cut out by Tartar; he will be left a handsome legacy, some fair annuity for life, and I shall probably inherit the family Bible, with ten pounds for a mourning ring. The old lady believes Tartar to be an angel in the shape of a bloated pug, whereas I know him to be the most worldly-minded whelp that ever lapped cream out of a china saucer, although he waddled to church twice on Sundays and once on the Wednesdays and holidays, just as regularly as his mistress, who is a pattern of devotion, but a little Puseyically given. Tartar has just as much idea of Christianity as a blue fox in Nova Zembla, yet he never barks during divine service, and seldom sleeps, let the sermon be ever so tedious, which, I am perfectly certain, is to show his superiority to me, who am occasionally caught napping when the discourse runs to a sixteenth or seventeenth head. Nothing can injure me more in the good lady's opinion, and she never omits contrasting my somnolency with Tartar's apparent attention. She pats him on his odious fat sides and says, "Good little dog, best of little dogs, you didn't sleep in church to-day, you didn't think Mr. Drawlington's sermon too long."

Yet, if I were Mr. Drawlington, I would infinitely prefer passing an hour, like the prophet Daniel, in a lion's den, than venture the tip of my finger within reach of this same Tartar, when he is at his chicken, or his sweetbread. He would snap off the nose of Dr. Pusey himself, yet this wretched little canine Tartuffe will assuredly oust me out of a good hundred a year.

And now, abominable breed of lap-dogs, whatever climes produce you, whatever collars you wear, whatever mistresses cocker and doat on you for your hateful qualities, whatever maids comb you, footmen follow you, or parsons preach upon you,—I have expressed my sentiments,—waddle off to your plum-cake or partridge with what appetites you may.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

Narrated by the late Capt. Peregrine Reynolds, R.N., to his old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. W. S. Harvey, Professor of Moral Philosophy in — College.

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ARRANGED, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAPERS, BY THE EDITOR OF THIS JOURNAL.

CHAP. I.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."—PSALM CVII.

Do you remember, my dear Harvey, that when, a short time ago, I was exercising the traveller's privilege of detailing the "hairbreadth 'scapes," and wondrous adventures "by flood and field," in which it had been my fortune to be engaged, you expressed considerable surprise that I could still feel pleasure in the memories of a sea life? Do you remember remarking that if it had been your lot to encounter so discouraging a beginning in nautical adventures, you thought you could have shrunk into the merest hovel, and could have followed the meanest of occupations, rather than continue in so dangerous, so laborious, so unsettled a course of life? I recollect that at the time I only smiled at your remark,—being too eagerly engaged in the recital of the subject then on the tapis; but I have since thought much about it.

That such surprise would be the feeling of ninety-nine out of every hundred, particularly of those who have never braved the ocean, I am not prepared to dispute; but that you, who have been so close an observer of human nature, and who have seldom been much astray in your judgment, should arrive at such a conclusion, raises, I own, considerable surprise on my part. You must be aware that it is not the wild enterprise, the continual change, or the danger, that deters the mind from the adoption of any particular course of life; on the contrary, an effect, which is the very reverse of dislike, is often produced by those circumstances. As well might you wonder that the Chamois-hunter of Switzerland is not deterred from continuing the chase, which we find to constitute the principal pleasure of his life, because his adventures are so terrific, and his safety is so precarious, that he daily sees his companions perish before his eyes, and has scarcely a hope or a wish for a milder fate for himself. It is the excitement that gives the charm, which no sense of danger or of difficulty can allay. The spirit of enterprise is natural to man,—and it is you, not I, who form an exception to the general principle. It is you, whose habits of quiet yet intense study have been formed in early youth, who have been bred up in the midst of sages and philosophers, and whose notions have been fostered by the delicate frame, and its concomitant, a timid disposition,

which have prescribed and ruled your after pursuits. Whereas I, as you well know, was a bold, strong, audacious boy, ever ready for play, still more ready for mischief; for anything, in short, rather than for sedentary occupation. With vigorous health, active limbs, and a sanguine disposition, none but a power to which I must be subservient could prevent me, even in my earliest years, from dashing into the profound of extravagant project and the full range of wild adventure. In this, I feel persuaded, I have been only like all other lads of a similar temperament, when favourable opportunities have been presented to them for the gratification of strong desires. In short, I have met with too many like myself to doubt it, and I am sure your cooler judgment will induce you to coincide with me.

Shall I be thought to indulge in a garrulous spirit, if I attempt now to give you a few reminiscences of the feelings which, in youth, urged me to my first great step in life; and accompany them with some accounts of the little adventures in which I was engaged,—or will you accept them as an additional page in that book of the human heart, which you have so faithfully studied? Conscience whispers that there is, in my motives, a little of the former, for we know of old that the relation of past adventures is one of the most cherished indulgences of age, and that to recount them is half to experience them a second time; but vanity consoles me with the idea that I may impart a portion of the latter. Moreover, the garden before my little cottage is well planted, and I have finished the walks and the grass-plot. I have literally nothing to do, and my heart tells me that all I write will be read by you with patience, if not with pleasure. So here goes.

As I do not like tale-telling by halves, even to those who already know many of the particulars, I will begin at the beginning for regularity's sake, and commence my story, by saying that my father was from the old country. He was, what was there termed, a yeoman, which means, one who cultivates a small landed property of his own. He had received an excellent classical and practical education at a neighbouring grammar-school, and had a strong turn for agriculture, which last he exercised upon the farm which he possessed in one of the northern counties of England. My mother I never knew,—she died in giving birth to me. This, the first and greatest misfortune that ever befel my remaining parent, altogether unsettled his quiet. Every thing looked desolate around him from that period, and he resolved to sell his property, to abandon scenes which reminded him of lost happiness, and to divert his melancholy by active exertion in cultivating a new soil, in America. In vain his only brother, who had settled as a merchant in Hull, endeavoured to dissuade him; being a resolute man,—in fact, determined almost to obstinacy,—and having made up his mind on the subject, he speedily settled his affairs, and embarked at Liverpool, with myself and a nurse, for Boston, where in due time we arrived.

He was not long in concluding the purchase of a large lot of nearly unenclosed ground, upon which he determined to spend his capital freely, and to cultivate the land with all the skill which he possessed. To this resolution he was instigated by two motives; one was, by active and useful employment, to subdue the depression of spirits which he experienced in every moment of leisure, through the remembrance of my mother, for whom he had felt the tenderest affection; the other was the effect of a very pardonable vanity, which urged him to exhibit his very uncommon information and experience in agricultural matters, and to encourage a similar exertion among the cultivators of the soil in the surrounding country. I need not tell you how he succeeded in this latter case; you know the district well, and you are also aware that to him, in a great measure, may be ascribed the very superior condition of the lands which that district presents.

In my childhood and youth I was very like my mother, which endeared me much in my father's affection. But, besides the goodness of his education, he had also a strong understanding and great firmness of mind; therefore, although loving me with the most paternal feelings, he was carefully on his guard that his affection should not manifest itself in injudicious indulgence; and, while he bestowed on me all the tender care which, as the only pledge that a beloved wife had left him, was showered upon me with an unsparring hand and an overflowing heart, he had especial solicitude to make me healthy by exercise, robust by endurance, and industrious by habit. My constitution was vigorous, from my birth; my disposition was always cheerful, because my mind and body were continually furnished with employment; my heart was always light, because my home was a happy abode to me; and, young as I was, I felt towards my father as towards a kind and indulgent friend, because he always encouraged me to confide on him as such. Can it be wondered, then, that my spirits were always exuberant, and my actions frequently audacious?

When I was old enough to be sent to school, I was fixed at the academy where I afterwards became acquainted with you, my respected friend. My father, before he placed me there, had made the most careful enquiries as to its character and that of our old principal, Monson, and having once satisfied himself on those points, he resolved never to distract my attention by change of scenes or of places; so that I gradually became the oldest scholar of the establishment, and a person of no small importance, not only among my school-fellows, but even in the eyes of the venerable principal himself.

How well do I remember, my dear Harvey, your little, spare, delicate figure, pale face, and hectic flush, as old Monson brought you into the playground, and entrusted you to my protection; your blue eyes turned up towards me, and then surveying my dimensions, at the word "protection," as if to judge of my capability for such a charge. How, at first, you shrank from my advances, with an air of timidity, or as if you thought it incompatible for your age and mine to associate together; yet how, by degrees, you drew up towards me, as if the introduction had given you the right of shelter under my process.

But why need I dwell on these things, or on the events of the next six years. I dare say you will no more forget my unlucky pranks and battles, my bruises out of school, and my floggings within it, than I shall lose the recollection of your mild and gentle disposition, your persevering industry, the rectitude of your principles, and the discrimination of your understanding. Let me rather keep to the matter in hand—the origin of my nautical inclinations.

You must have well known the copy of Hackluyt's voyages, which our old master had in his library plentifully adorned with cuts. Over those cuts I used to pore, whenever I could get hold of the book; from them I turned to the text, to gain a fuller explanation of any thing which I could not well understand in the pictures, and by degrees I found myself over head and ears involved in voyages, adventures, difficulties, discoveries, and acquisitions; in short, I imbibed a most intense and vehement desire for a nautical life; I became a castle-builder, and all my day-dreams, to say nothing of those of the night, ran upon scenes connected with a sailor's life. I may say that the passion raged like a fire within me; and even you, who knew my inmost soul, and who could sway my wayward fancies better than any one else, even your re-

monstrances and affectionate dissuasions failed to weaken my purpose. But so it is in every determination of our nature, a resolution once formed and decided, only becomes the stronger for opposition, which, like fuel added to flame, does but increase the intensity of the heat.

The death of my excellent and lamented parent, at the very time that I had made up my mind to address him on the subject, at first stunned and overwhelmed me with grief. For a time the dreadful feeling was upon me that I was an orphan, in a strange land, and without a relative. A desolating sensation it was, and overpowering during its preponderance. The sorrows of youth, however, are easily assuaged; my master passion over-ruled every other feeling, and after the first burst of grief had subsided, I began to think of the increased probability of executing my heartfelt wish.

In a few months my uncle, who was now become my sole guardian and protector, arrived in America, for the purpose of transacting some mercantile affairs of his own, of disposing of the property which, by my father's death, had devolved on me, and of taking me back with him to England, with a view to superintend the completion of my education, and to strengthen my connexions with my own kindred. And how can I forget the real anguish I experienced, at the thought of parting from my quiet and attached friend and *protégé*? Not the prospect of visiting the splendid mother country, of which I had formed so magnificent an idea, not the anticipated pleasure of crossing the sea, my favourite element; not even the increased hope of attaining the profession for which my soul so anxiously longed, could console me for the loss of the peaceful and gentle friend, who had so frequently soothed me in my moments of irritation, who had advised me when the head was not following the dictates of the heart, and who had assisted me in every difficulty, whether scholastic or personal. Well, —well indeed, may I say with the poet—

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of hope, and soldier of society,
I owe thee much!"

The hours that we continued to remain together seemed too short for us. We promised to each other perpetual and unalterable attachment; you implored me to deliberate, before I should determine upon a course which seemed to you beset only with dangers and hardships, and particularly perilous to fool-hardy lads; and my anxiety for you was, lest your meek spirit should be oppressed by boisterous insolence, when I could no longer be near to fight your battles. Part, however, we must. My uncle, who had lost no time in settling our affairs, sold all the property that my father had possessed, and turned it into merchandise, with which he freighted the vessel that was to take us to England; and, amidst sighs and tears, protestations and hopes, I left you and the shores of America for many a year.

And now I come to the disaster which attended my very first experience of a sailor's life; that adventure, in fact, which, according to your estimation, ought to have crushed for ever the seeds of that nautical spirit which were then germinating, and which have so frequently drawn from you that expression of surprise to which I alluded at the commencement of this narrative.

We departed from Boston, as you may recollect, about the middle of August, a delightful period in the present times, but at the time of my return to England, a voyage across the Atlantic was both more tedious and more formidable. We did not near the European shore till the latter end of September, and, unfortunately, were overtaken by a tremendous gale from the westward, just as we made the northern coast of Ireland. At first the master stood out to sea again, as not daring to get too near a lee-shore in so strong a gale; but the wind moderating, he put in again. Our destination was to Whitehaven, but hardly had we rounded the Malin head, which is the northernmost point of Ireland, ere it came on again with redoubled violence. Full well do I recollect the visages of the honest master and my poor uncle. Insurances were not so frequently effected in those days as they are at present; that great mark of foresight was too frequently and generally neglected; in our case there was not a single dollar insured either upon ship or cargo. She was deep-laden and laboured heavily, so that the master durst not carry canvas on her to his wish, and all he could hope was that the wind might not come round to the southward, and prevent his getting into his port. In this the worthy man was doomed to be disappointed—miserably and fatally disappointed.

The gale had subsided considerably, and there was a lull, though with a heavy swell, indicative, in most cases, that the storm was over; we had been *hoose* to during the worst of the weather, but now canvas was put on her, and we proceeded. It was night, and the vessel was slipping through the water at a moderate rate, but rolling dreadfully. Suddenly she was laid upon her beam ends, on the starboard side; a tremendous crash ensued, and she rose heavily up again, amidst the cries and dismay of the people upon her decks, mingled with the whistling of the wind, which now blew tempestuously from the south. She had been taken aback by a sudden and violent gust, and by this catastrophe she now presented a most dreadful wreck. Her three topmasts had been snapped close by the caps, and remained dangling by the rigging, as she rolled in the trough of a green and white sea, threatening death or mutilation to any one who should be so hardy as to approach to clear them away.

I was among the first of the passengers who appeared on deck at this crisis. The night was fearfully dark, except at moments when the white curl on the tops of the waves made them awfully manifest; and the apparent gloom was increased by the flickering lights of lanterns, which seemed to flit about from place to place, of their own volition. The howling of the wind, and the whistling sound as it passed through the blocks and parts of the rigging, the gruff hailings of the officers and seamen in the performance of their arduous duties, mingled in the blast, and the whole presented a scene which would have appalled many a soul. Yet, will you believe it, Harvey? Yes, you will believe it, that, although at first I felt a confusion, I had not the slightest sensation of fear on that occasion. On the contrary, as soon as I had so far recovered from my first surprise as to ascertain the nature of the misfortune, I went up to the master and earnestly asked him if I could render any service. His first reply was a short and angry "No," and "Get out of the people's way!"—but the kind-hearted old man immediately checked himself, turned round, and patted my head, saying, "Yes, yes, my good boy,—go and relieve Bob at the lee-wheel, and that will give us a hand about the deck more useful than yours." I complied with alacrity, more pleased with the idea of being a useful member of the ship than apprehensive of any consequences that might arise from the present misfortune.

The gale continued to blow with the utmost violence, and little could be done towards clearing away the wreck, until daylight should enable the mariners to see their way; in the meanwhile, though the vessel was laid to, as well as could be done, yet having no way through the water, and a strong wind and tide setting towards the north, we were driven to the leeward of Carrickfergus, into which port it had been intended to run her. In the course of the day, much was done in getting rid of the topmasts and rigging, though it became

necessary to cut them away, on account of the violence of the gale, and of the dreadful pitching and rolling of the vessel. The foresail, close-reefed, was then set, and she was put before the wind, with the intent to get into the Clyde. This was wrong, and it proved the greatest misfortune. The wind again veered more to the west, and a tremendous sea striking our larboard quarter, carried away our rudder. The shock threw the helmsman over the wheel, who, in his descent, knocked me over, and then for the first time I became sensible of our really dangerous situation. We were now adrift upon a raging sea, at the entire mercy of the winds and waves; the men were exhausted by the length and severity of their previous labours, the ship was leaky with straining, and incapable of guidance, and we were without the power to set about any temporary expedient. Death seemed to threaten us on every side, except when the solitary and forlorn hope suggested that we might yet drive into smoother water.

Van hope! Her fate was decided. For fear of the worst, it now became necessary to get the boats out; and this in the state of the weather, of the ship, and of the people, was a most difficult task; we were sometimes before the wind, sometimes broached to, a mere helpless drifting log upon the water, the sea driving in complete sheets over the decks, and the footing hardly possible even to experienced seamen. The operation was nevertheless accomplished, without the loss of any but the jolly boat, which, together with the davits, had been washed away from the stern, when we lost our rudder.

Our hopes and fears were too soon swallowed up in horrible reality, as we perceived the vessel gradually, but too surely, nearing the Craig of Ailsa, a large circular mass of rock in the midst of the sea, against which the waves were dashing in fury, and driving the white foam and spray many fathoms above its summit. The master now ordered every one to get into the boats, and endeavour to make towards the north-east. All obeyed the injunction;—my poor uncle, sinking under the consciousness that the little *all* of his orphan nephew was fast approaching to destruction under his guardianship, and that even the life itself, of all around, was held but by a frail tenure. My feelings were like those of a person in a dream; I seemed to be sensible that all these dreadful scenes were about me, but as if I doubted their reality. We got into the boats, however, which were beating frightfully against the vessel's side, and waited but for the old master to join us, that we might shove off for the shore; when, to our consternation as well as sorrow, the veteran refused to come in. We begged and intreated, but he calmly declared his determination to share the fate of his vessel, whatever might become of her. Before further remonstrances could be made, or more forcible steps taken to alter his resolution, he suddenly cut the painter of the last boat, waved his hat, fervently cried, "God bless you all," and we never saw him more from that hour.

We followed his instructions, however, in endeavouring to get towards the Ayrshire coast, but had shortly the melancholy opportunity of seeing the poor Mary Jane dash right against the Ailsa Craig, where she went into a thousand pieces, and gave a watery grave to a brave old seaman, who loved his ship like his child. For our own parts, after many hours of hard labour, in which all partook except my uncle, who had sunk into insensibility, we were so fortunate as to get into a small bay to the northward of Kirkoswald. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood had for some time observed us, and awaited our landing; they received us with every demonstration of kindness, and every comfort which it was in their power to administer was cheerfully accorded. In due time we proceeded, with heavy hearts indeed, and fearful retrospections of the dangers we had encountered, yet still with feelings of gratitude to heaven for our protection, and at length arrived at my uncle's residence at Hull.

Many and deep were the regrets of the good man that his imaginary sagacity, in turning all my inheritance into valuable merchandise, had been the means of reducing me to beggary. His upright soul long refused to be comforted. The reflection that the only child of his brother, whom he dearly loved, should be cast, from ease and affluence, upon a world of cares and difficulties, through that which he always termed his own mismanagement and imprudence, was bitter to his sensible heart. "But no, my poor boy," said he, "it shall not be so. *Through me* you have lost your little all, and *upon me* you shall have the right to build up another inheritance. I will be to you, my dear Peregrine, as the parents whom you have lost, and in nothing shall you find a difference between my own children and yourself. You shall enter my counting-house with my sons, and share equally with them, in whatsoever I may be blessed with, by Divine Providence."

Here was honest, pure, genuine affection, and liberality! Without a thought that any thing could be objectionable to me in such an arrangement, he consoled his benevolent heart with the idea that, although I had lost a parent and a fortune, he could and would be to me the former, and supply the loss of the latter. Excellent man! He little thought that the workings of my soul were of so mixed a nature, and that the gratitude which I really felt for his kindness was checked by my fears that I should not be permitted to follow the bent of my own wild inclinations. Yes, my dear Harvey, that craving passion was as vehement as ever! Not the dangers from which I had just escaped, nor the dread of my uncle's displeasure, nor the whispered recollection of your affectionate remonstrances at parting, could diminish aught of that insatiable longing after a course of life of which I had yet seen nothing but disastrous effects. For the present, however, I held my peace, not deeming it either proper or politic to urge a request, which was likely to be unpleasant at any time, but peculiarly so now, with all our dangers and misfortunes green in my uncle's recollection.

I was now in "the world" assuredly, but it was a new world to me. The scenes, the habits, the manners in which I was now associated were all strange, all essentially different from those about the quiet mansion of my father, in Massachusetts, and from the noisy uniformity of our school in Boston. But every thing around me, with which I came in collision, "in thought, word, or deed," added fuel to the flame which burnt within me. Hull, or more properly, Kingston-upon-Hull, an important sea-port on the eastern coast of England, was constantly receiving into her capacious harbours, or sending forth to all parts of the world, well freighted vessels of every dimension and class; but her chief commerce was to the ports of the Baltic, or to the White Sea; a few ships traded to the West Indies, to the American colonies, and to the Mediterranean; but the staple article was whale oil, and the strength of her capital was in the Greenland and Davis' Straits Whale-fishery. Here, every day, my delighted heart and my searching eyes were gratified, by visiting some vessel or other from foreign shores; my situation in my uncle's counting-house even giving facilities for the encouragement of that ever craving, never satisfied desire, to explore foreign and unknown regions of the earth.

Yet it was no consideration of wealth or emolument which caused that all-absorbing feeling within me; my romantic soul would have scorned the very notion of motives so sordid. In truth, such ideas never entered into my head, for, there, aspirations of a very different nature ever had possession. Besides

the voyages of old Hacklovt, I had read various others; and Columbus and his successors from Spain, together with the Portuguese, Vasco de Gama, the adventurous Drake, Hudson, and many besides, completely haunted my brain. I was continually discovering new lands, taking possession in the name of my country, civilizing the natives, exploring the resources, legislating for the community, cultivating the soil;—in short, doing wonders beyond the skill of mortal man. Danger!—what was danger? Every distinguished man had encountered and surmounted danger! It was a part of his task to which he must necessarily be exposed! And why might it not be my fortune to arrive at as great a distinction as any who had gone before me? I had been shipwrecked at my very entry upon the stage of active life,—had there found myself possessed of the requisite energies, and had escaped without harm,—a plain proof that I was not born to be drowned. Thus did I argue, or rather with this kind of sophistry did I satisfy myself, at the age of fifteen.

My impatience at last broke through all bounds, my eagerness could no longer be restrained. One afternoon I found my uncle in a more than usually cheerful mood, and I ventured to unfold my anxious wishes to him. I told him how long and how earnestly I had desired to embrace a sea-life,—how my purpose had been decided to obtain my dear father's permission, when he was so suddenly snatched away from me; I assured him that my inclinations were so strongly fixed upon the matter that nothing could overcome them;—in short, all my rhetoric was brought to bear in favour of my scheme.

During this address, which was uttered in hurried and eager tones, tremulous with an agitation composed of hopes and fears, I had not ventured to look up in my uncle's face. He heard me to an end without replying; but when at the close of my speech I took courage to face him, I perceived his brow knit into a most formidable frown, and every feature indicating the deepest displeasure mixed with sorrow; I felt his emotion in the tones of his reply.

"Wretched, unhappy boy," said he, "I know but too well that your inclinations point to that desperate, that deplorable profession in life. How, indeed, can I, even as an indifferent person,—to say nothing of the relation in which I stand towards you,—how indeed could I be ignorant of that which engrosses your whole soul and actions? I have long seen it, but have purposely abstained from noticing what I hoped you would never have the courage to propose to me, and that it might gradually die away. Presumptuous boy!—Have you so soon forgot the signal deliverance which you have experienced? To you, in particular, it should be a striking lesson, it should teach you that a sailor's life is not particularly yours. Besides, it is unnecessary to you,—it is a mere tempting of Providence. Never speak of it again, for it shall never have my sanction."

But I had now broken the ice, and stimulated by the incessant and keen desires by which I was actuated, and trusting somewhat to his affection, I ventured to urge the point with him.

"Surely, Sir," said I, "if these things were given as warnings, to avoid a sea-life, then all who follow it are tempters of Providence; and all who encourage it by pursuing foreign commerce have something to answer for, in thus inducing poor and ignorant men to so desperate and wicked a course. But you cannot think that to be the case, and I trust that when you perceive how strong a predilection I have taken for the life, you will be pleased, at least, to permit me to try it."

"You have tried it, audacious boy!" cried he, tremulous with anger—"you have already tried it, and you ought to bless that All-merciful Being who saved you from death, and gave you so awful a lesson against following the bent of a childish desire. Do not urge it, Peregrine; you are all that remains of my dear deceased brother, and I cannot, I will not, hear another word upon so ungrateful, so distressing a subject."

I again repeated that if he would but allow me one trial, I would candidly declare my feelings upon it, and should feel no shame in returning to the desk, but that of having given him unnecessary trouble and uneasiness; and in that case I would be doubly attentive to his duties to compensate for my fault.

"Once more, nephew," said my uncle, "I command you to be silent on that hateful subject, my soul abhors the thoughts of it,—and I insist that you never, never more mention the request. Learn to curb your desires, and to submit your will to the experience of older heads than your own. I love you as a son, but I expect from you a son's obedience."

With these words he abruptly quitted the room, and left me overwhelmed with mortification and confusion. I saw that my plans were overturned and my hopes crushed at once. I knew my uncle too well to flatter myself that he would relent; like my poor father, he was firm of purpose; it was the family trait, and I have always found that I possessed a share of it myself, as will be found in the sequel.

Though disappointed, and for the present confounded, still I did not entirely despair. By degrees I wrought myself into the conviction that it was actually unjust in my uncle to thwart an inclination so fixed and strong as mine; and thus fortified, and with a longing that had become a morbid feeling through the determined opposition which it had met with, I resolved at length to betake myself to sea, without his consent. To do this in Hull, however, was not easy. My uncle's connexions were of the most extensive description, and I had myself been thrown much amongst them, in the course of business which I was sent to transact. I was, therefore, too well known to hope for success in my project there; no chance offered of a ship from that port;—but having made up my mind to go, the when and the where were matters easy enough to decide.

Notwithstanding my uncle's refusal, I resolved to adhere to the determination which I had inwardly made, of giving the sea a fair trial and then abiding by the issue; my project, therefore, was made up for a Greenland ship, in which I knew, from concurrent testimony, that there were labour and hardship enough, together with other disagreeable circumstances, sufficient to disgust any one whose inclinations were not wedded to the sea. To lull the suspicions of my uncle, I resolved to keep close to the desk, and not to meddle with the shipping business of the counting-house, except on necessary occasions; and, about the time of the whalers going out, make my escape to Whitby, and endeavour to enter myself on board of the first vessel that should depart. This done, and the thing being irremediable, I felt assured that my uncle's affection would not allow him to cast me off; but that he would then use his influence to forward me in a line of life into which I should be inevitably cast.

It is amazing how comfortable one feels when the details of a great project are settled to one's satisfaction, notwithstanding that the plan and all its points are one-sided. I now again indulged myself in unlimited speculation on the future. Through the long vista of years I beheld visions of fame and splendour, in which the wonders of my name would be wafted to every corner of the earth. My uncle's fears and forebodings I quite forgot, or if I thought of him, it was of one confessing that he had erred in judgment, when he thought of curbing so noble and enterprising a spirit as mine had proved to be. I remain-

ed, therefore, very quietly during the winter; made no enquiries about shipping, and succeeded so far in soothing my poor uncle's apprehensions, that he gave me credit for endeavouring to overcome my predilections, and sometimes conferred upon me marks of approbation, for which my heart smote me grievously; yet still I held fast to my resolution.

I had carefully saved all the money which my uncle's bounty liberally bestowed upon me; and early on the morning of the 26th Feb., 17—, with a beating heart, but a fixed will, I set off on foot for Whitby, distant about thirty miles. With my purse in my pocket and my stick in my hand, I trudged rapidly along, determined to take no long rest until I should reach that seaport. I carried no luggage, therefore I had no incumbrance to check the activity of my limbs. I arrived late at night, and very much fatigued, yet I did not retire to bed at the little inn until I had enquired what ship was the first for Greenland from this time. I was answered by the landlord.

"Oh! *Besom Bob* took the *Circe* out of the harbour this afternoon's tide. I dare say he'll clear to-morrow, or next day at furthest; and he's sure to start if there be but a capful of wind."

"And who is *Besom Bob*?" replied I, surprised at the novelty of the name.

"Why, where the d—! are you from that don't know *Besom Bob*? Everybody knows him! The boldest fellow, and the luckiest fellow, and the best fellow, that ever sailed out of Whitby, I'll be sworn!"

I changed the conversation, determined to ask no more at present, but resolved to see this *Besom Bob* in the morning. I therefore went off to my bed, where I dreamed of nothing but floating ice, monsters, which I called whales, and huge brouns or *bezoms*, mingling in the group.

Next morning I paid my bill, and walked away to a shop-seller's store; bought a jacket and a pair of trowsers, which I put on immediately, promising to fetch my other clothes away presently. Thus equipped, I went and found *Besom Bob*, whose real name and designation was *Capt. Scoles* of the barque *Circe*. I offered my services. He looked hard at me for a minute, and then demanded,

"Have you ever been at sea, my lad?"

"Only a voyage across the Atlantic," replied I.

"Oh, ho! A Yankee are you? Where were you raised?"

"In Massachusetts; but both my parents are dead."

"Poor lad!" said he. "Well, let a look at you;—can you go aloft?"

"Yes," replied I, readily and truly, "any where, in any weather."

"Hem!—Ah!—Dare say. Smart boy! Those hands, youngster, never smelt much of tar, I fancy—did they?"

I made no reply. After considering a little, he looked keenly in my face, as one who had discovered all I would conceal.

"Lookee, my lad, said he, "I can see as far into a millstone as the man that trimmed it. I guess how the wind sets. But, howsoever, all that is nothing to me; you shall have your frolic out. But first let me ask, are you willing to strap to and work if I take you?"

I protested my desire to be useful, and he promptly replied,

"Well, my lad, I do think you will try your best; so come along and I'll enter your name; and it shall go hard but you shall know what a sailor's life is, before long, if you don't know it already."

I followed him in silence to his house, confounded at his penetration. I signed articles, and received instructions to be waiting in the afternoon with my chest and bedding, when he would take me on board. I then went and purchased necessaries, of the nature of which I was well acquainted, through my experience in Hull;—kept my appointment with *Capt. Scoles*, went on board with him;—up went the anchor,—and off we were, under a press of canvas, with a fine southerly breeze, for Greenland, to the whale fishery.

Capt. Scoles, or *Besom Bob*, as he was popularly called, was a remarkable character. He—, but he ought not to come in at the end of a chapter.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Brightly shone the moon over the fair city of Venice, and wherever her silvery rays kissed the dark waters of the many canals which intersect that mart of merchants, as the gay gondolas passed and repassed, rippling the smooth surface with their prows and fin-like oars, they appeared like the shining scales of huge serpents, undulating and sporting among her marble palaces.

In one of the remotest corners of the place dwelt the usurer Guiseppe Valdioni. Rumour reported him as rich as *Cresus*; but he had one gem in his possession which he valued above his gold, his only daughter, Bianca, a jewel without a flaw! Serenades were nightly performed under the balcony of his residence, and all the gallants of Venice endeavoured to win the attention of the wealthy heiress of Valdioni.

Of all the suitors who sought the lovely Bianca, none found favour in her eyes but Ludovico, the gay, bold, reckless Ludovico. In person he was eminently handsome, and in her estimation, who had only the opportunity of judging of a lover by sight, he was as far above all his competitors. She loved him! ay, and with a fervour which is only known in southern climes.

Truth to say, Ludovico was an inconstant man, a gambler and a bankrupt in every virtue.

It was midnight, and Bianca, with palpitating heart, was watching in the balcony. Ludovico came alone in a gondola. She threw to him a bag of gold, and was about to descend, and to place herself under the protection of her suitor.

"Dearest, best-beloved Bianca," said the deceiver, "to-morrow at this hour I will be near and bear you away, if I survive the disappointment of to-night. Everything will then be ready for my bride. Farewell!" And he rowed briskly away from the startled damsel, who for his sake had betrayed the confidence of her father by abstracting the bag of gold.

Cold and heartless as was Ludovico, he felt a pang as he lost sight of the confiding and affectionate Bianca. "But thought he, with plausible sophistry, 'has she not robbed her own father? And shall I keep faith with one who has proved faithless to him who gave her being? Worthless wanton!'"

The gallant, having reached his destination, hastily moored his gondola, and eagerly clutching the bag of gold, concealed it beneath his cloak, and hurried homewards. Passing beneath a dark colonnade, reposing in the still shadow of the moon, and calculating in his own mind the worth of the ducats of which he had so unworthily possessed himself, he was startled by approaching footsteps, and, turning round, observed three men close upon his track. They were evidently bent upon overtaking him, and, almost before he had presence of mind to draw his rapier, they fell upon him, and, encumbered by his cloak and the weight of his treasure, he was unable to repel their sanguinary attack, and dropped lifeless at the feet of the brigands, pierced with many wounds. The

bag of gold chinked upon the pavement, they seized the weighty prize, and, rushing from the spot, turned into the Piazza di San Marco, thence crossing the Rialto, they encountered the night-watch, who surrounded and captured them.

They were searched, speedily deprived of their newly-acquired treasure, and conducted forthwith to the guard-house, where being recognised by the authorities as different characters, and being examined separately, giving a different account of their objects and pursuits, they were locked up, in order to be examined the following morning by the magistrate.

They would willingly have relinquished their plunder to bribe their captors; but the latter were too numerous to act dishonestly without the fear of detection, although, under other circumstances, and for such a consideration, they might willingly have refrained from pressing the charge.

The magistrate before whom the culprits were ushered on the following morning was a stern man, and possessed great influence in the state of Venice.

"Fortunately for ye," said he, addressing the prisoners, "there is no proof that you have obtained this bag with violence; but we may reasonably infer that such plunder was not filched from the lawful possessor while he retained life. Justice, ever associated with divine mercy, and of which we are the unworthy dispenser, charitably gives you the benefit of our ignorance and the want of evidence. Your lives are spared,—and may you repent of your evil deeds. We attach the property in behalf of the rightful owner; and in the meantime consign you to imprisonment, in order that, should any evidence hereafter arise in your favour, you may have the benefit of it. Away with them!"

The prisoners were removed, and the night-watch who had captured them were liberally rewarded. The bag of gold remained with the magistrate, who was too much occupied with official business to set on foot any inquiries respecting the lawful possessor. He placed the treasure in his strong chest. When the investigation took place, his two nephews were present, and contemplated the bag, which appeared to have some talismanic influence upon all who gazed upon it, with an irresistible desire of appropriation. They laughed at the idea of its being locked up, and consigned to the same fate as the prisoners. In their liberal philosophy they determined that distribution was far wiser than accumulation; and, with a virtue that is so uncommon in the world, they had long practised what they preached. In the exercise of this moral principle they had both become deeply indebted, and, with that fervent generosity known only to the heart of youth, they longed to liquidate their liabilities. There was no owner for the bag of gold; therefore they argued that it could not be better disbursed than in the payment of their debts of honour. Having come to this conclusion, the two honest youths resolved to cut up this stray golden goose, and feast themselves and their creditors therewith.

When sleep had sealed the eyelids of all within the magistrate's dwelling, Giovanni and Giuseppe stealthily quitted their chambers, and proceeded to the strong-room, where the bag of gold was carefully deposited. The sympathy of their pursuit had compelled them, although individually reluctant, to come to a mutual understanding. Now Giuseppe, who was married, contended with his cousin that he was entitled to two-thirds of the treasure; his liabilities, too, were larger than Giovanni's, and, in his opinion, justified this division. They both at last came to the determination of decamping, should they obtain possession, and thus escape both the ire of their uncle and the importunities of their creditors. Giuseppe's wife was on a visit to her father, and his only son, a beautiful boy of four years old, was left in his care; he therefore took the precaution of consigning him to the care of a trusty gondolier, who was to row to a certain point, where he proposed to join him.

But to return to the magistrate's strong-room, which overlooked the canal. They succeeded, with some difficulty, in forcing open the chest containing the treasure, and Giovanni grasped the coveted prize.

"'Tis mine!" cried he, exultingly.

"'Tis ours," said Giuseppe, holding out his eager hand.

"Stay," replied Giovanni; "I have had half the danger,—surely I am entitled to half the plunder. Nothing less will satisfy me."

"How!—why, did you not promise to be content with one third?" said Giuseppe.

"I had not then possession," replied Giovanni.

Giuseppe burned with rage, and, darting forward, snatched the bag of gold from his cousin's grasp, and rushing towards the balcony, exclaimed, "Do you persist in your demand? Will nothing less satisfy you?"

"Corpo di Bacco! nothing!" answered the other savagely.

"Then thus ends the dispute," said Giuseppe; and, opening the casement, he wildly cast the gold into the canal.

A piercing shriek followed, not from the disappointed Giovanni, but from the waters below. Giuseppe had cast the bag of gold upon the innocent head of his child, and killed it!

Giovanni fled, conscious of his participation in the robbery, and too soon the distracted father learned the fate of his boy, and went raving mad!

Giovanni, the fugitive, was reported to have plundered his uncle. The gondolier, meanwhile, had cunningly concealed the bag of gold, and produced a log of wood, which he asserted had been cast from the window, and was the cause of the death of Giuseppe's son; and, safe in the insanity of the wretched father, he carried home the treasure.

A slip of parchment was tied round the neck of the fatal bag, indicating that it contained one thousand golden ducats. But, through fear, or some mysterious influence, the gondolier could not be induced to break the seal that fastened it; fearful even of keeping in his humble dwelling, he carefully inclosed it in a box, and buried it in his little garden.

Now the gondolier had an only daughter, Veronica, who was very beautiful, and she had many suitors among her own class. The handsome, gay, and dissipated Beppo, however, was her chosen favourite. He rowed so well, and sang so sweetly, that the maid was charmed, notwithstanding his suspected gallantries.

An old tradesman of Venice happened to meet Veronica one evening, as her father was taking her home in the gondola, and became enamoured of her charms. He sought her father, and offered her his "protection." The gondolier confessed himself highly flattered by his notice, but declined the honour.

"Take her to wife," said the bluff gondolier, "and she is yours. I can give her a dowry. Say the word, and the girl and a thousand golden ducats are yours."

"What!" exclaimed the tradesman, whose avarice equalled his new passion; "you are joking."

"By the Virgin!" replied the father, "I speak the truth."

The affair was soon settled between the gondolier and the tradesman; but there was one person who was by no means pleased by the bargain, Beppo, who

vowed vengeance against the bridegroom, although he was quite ignorant of the means which had brought about the marriage.

Veronica was married, and the old man conveyed the maid, and the bag of gold, to his house. On the following morning he was found murdered stabbed in fifty places by a poniard. As he was but a tradesman, the authorities took little or no trouble in seeking out the assassin. These affairs were so common in the city of merchants.

The widow took possession of the old man's property, and concealed the bag of gold, which had been the fatal cause of this unwise and unpropitious alliance.

A few months afterwards the tearless widow married the murderer of her husband. Guilt, however, rarely goes unpunished; and ere a few short months elapsed, Veronica discovered that the man whom she once idolized, and for whom she had sacrificed so much, was in every way unworthy of her love. He lavishly expended the estate of her late husband in his unlawful pleasures, while she, deserted by him, pined in sorrow and in solitude. Proud, overbearing, and revengeful, Veronica's passion of love was soon transformed to hatred the most intense.

The bag of gold, which she had carefully concealed remained untouched. Depositing it in a place of safety, she instantly sought the presence of the judge, and denounced her renegade and unworthy husband as a murderer!

Beppo was seized, and the evidence she produced was so conclusive that the worthless husband was condemned to the rack.

Veronica retired to a nunnery, hoping to obtain pardon for her sins, and presented the bag as an offering to the convent!

The bursar or treasurer of the convent was a certain Brother Anselmo; a thin, bilious man, severe and taciturn, who verily looked like a skeleton clothed in parchment. He was regarded as almost a saint by the good sisters, so punctilious was he in the performance of the religious duties. It is true that he had been a great reprobate in his youth; and it is equally true that he had become a great hypocrite. The bag of gold was confided to his custody; and so fearful was he of its corrupting influence, that he resolved to convey it far from the pure atmosphere of the convent, for fear of contamination. This was assuredly carrying his scruple to the extreme. He first, probably, entertained the insane idea of casting the "root of all evil" beneath the blue waves of the Adriatic; but upon mature deliberation he contended that it would be better to lay it by for charitable purposes. Sinner as he was, he might one day be in want of it; he therefore resolved to deposit it forthwith in the hands of a trusty friend-in-need, who had supplied his necessities in the days of his lamented extravagance.

Unfortunately for Brother Anselmo, he carried the bag of gold to the lawful owner, who instantly recognised and reclaimed the stolen ducats. He possessed irrefragable proofs that the parchment-label was in his own hand-writing, and embraced the precious bag of gold with the fondness of a parent who had recovered his lost child. Brother Anselmo vainly remonstrated, and the interview concluded by the miserly money-lender unceremoniously kicking him out, retaining possession of the fatal treasure.

Fain would the astonished bursar have resented this unseemly rebuff; but a consciousness of his own villany made him gulp the indignity which was put upon him; but he vowed vengeance. Before he could put in execution his secret purposes his defalcation was discovered; he was summoned before the tribunal, and condemned to pass the remainder of his wretched existence in a dungeon.

The bag of gold thus returned unbroken to the hands of the rightful owner, having been in its travels the cause of so much crime and misery to its intermediate possessors.

Wealth, obtained by long life of toil and honesty does not always produce happiness; ill-gotten gold—never!

THE BRITISH FLEET.

From Blackwood's Magazine.—(Concluded.)

This, too, was a period of cabinet revolutions. No favouritism can sustain a ministry which has become disgusting to the nation. Lord North, though ingenious, dexterous, and long enough in possession of power to have filled all its offices with his dependents, was driven from the premiership with such a storm of national contempt, that he could scarcely be sheltered by the curtains of the throne. Lord Rockingham, a dull minister, was transformed into a brilliant one by his contrast with the national weariness of Lord North; and it fell to the lot of Captain Jervis to give the country the first onset of returning victory. France had already combined Holland in her alliance, and the French minister, already made insolent by his triumph in the Channel, had determined on a blow in a quarter where English interests were more vulnerable, and where the assault was least expected. A squadron of French line-of-battle ships, conveying a fleet of transports, were prepared for an expedition to the East Indies.

The preparations for the combined movement were on an immense scale. The fleets of France, Spain, and Holland were again to sweep the Channel; and while the attention of the British fleets was thus engrossed, the Eastern expedition was to sail from Brest. The Admiralty, in order to counteract, or at least delay, this formidable movement, immediately dispatched Admiral Barrington, with twelve sail of the line, to cruise in the bay of Biscay. On the 18th of April the French expedition sailed, and on the 20th, when Admiral Barrington had reached a few leagues beyond Ushant, the Artois frigate signalled a hostile fleet, but could not discover their flag or numbers. The signal being made for a general chase, the Foudroyant, Jervis's ship, soon left the rest of the fleet behind; and before night she had so much gained upon the enemy as to ascertain that they were six French ships of war, with eighteen sail of convoy. The whole of the British fleet, being several leagues astern, was now lost sight of, and did not come up till the following day. In the mean time Jervis was left alone. At ten at night, the French ships of war separating, Jervis, selecting the largest for pursuit, prepared to attack; at twelve, he had approached near enough to see that the chase was a ship of the line. The Foudroyant's superior manœuvring enabled her to commence the engagement by a raking fire. Its effect was so powerful, that the enemy was thrown into extreme disorder, and was carried by boarding, after an action of only three quarters of an hour. The prize was the Pégase, seventy-four. The loss of life on board the enemy was great; but by an extraordinary piece of good fortune, on board the Foudroyant not a man was killed, Captain Jervis and five seamen being the only wounded.

To the gallantry which produced this striking success, the young officer added extreme delicacy with respect to his prisoners. He would not allow the first boat to be sent on board the prize, until he had given written orders for the particular preservation of every thing in the shape of property belonging to the

French officers, adding at the bottom of his memorandum,—"For though I have the highest opinion of my officers, we must not be suspected of designs to plunder."

The result of the action was, that sixteen transports out of twenty were taken, according to the letter of young Ricketts, the captain's nephew. It must be owned, that brave as the French are, their admiral made but a bad figure in this business: why the sight of one vessel should have been sufficient to disperse a fleet of six men-of-war, and of course ruin an expedition which must thus be left without convoy, is not easily to be accounted for; or why, when the admiral saw that his pursuer was but a single ship, he should not have turned upon him and crushed him, it is equally difficult to say. It only shows that his court wanted common sense as much as he wanted discretion. The expedition was destroyed, and the Foudroyant had the whole honour of the victory.

An action between single ships of this force is rare at any period, and nothing could be nearer a match in point of equipment than the two ships. The Foudroyant had the larger tonnage, and carried three more guns on her broadside; but the *Pégase* threw a greater weight of shot, had a more numerous crew, and a large proportion of soldiers on board. The English ship, however, had the incomparable advantage of a crew which had sailed together for six years, and been disciplined by such an officer as Jervis.

The ministry and the king were equally rejoiced at this return of the naval distinctions of the country, and the immediate consequence was, the conferring of a baronetcy and the order of the Bath upon the gallant officer. Congratulations of all kinds were poured upon him by the ministry, his admiral, and his brother officers. The admiral writes, in speaking of the squadron's cruise, "but the *Pégase* is every thing, and does the highest honour to Jervis."

Another instance of his decision, and, as in all probability will be thought, of the clearness of his judgment, was shortly after given in the memorable relief of Gibraltar. As it was likely that the combined fleets of France and Spain would oppose the passage of the British, Lord Howe, at an early period, called the flag-officers and captains on board the *Victory*, and proposed to them the question—Whether, considering the superiority of the enemy's numbers, it might not be advisable to fight the battle at night, when British discipline might counterbalance the numerical superiority? All the officers junior to Jervis gave their opinion for the night attack, but he dissented. "Expressing his regret that he must offer an opinion, not only contrary to that of his brother officers, but also, as he feared, to that of his commander-in-chief, he was convinced that battle in the day would be greatly preferable. In the first place, because it would give an opportunity for the display of his lordship's tactics, and afford the means of taking prompt advantage of any mistake of the enemy, change of the wind, or any other favourable circumstance; while in the melee of a battle at night, there must always be greater risk of separation, and of ships receiving the fire of their friends as well as their foes." It is obvious to every comprehension, that a night action must preclude all manoeuvring, and prevent the greater skill of the tactician from having any advantage over the blunderer who turns his ships into mere batteries. The only officer who coincided with Jervis was Admiral Barrington, who gave as an additional and a just argument for the attack by day, that it would give an opportunity of ascertaining the conduct of the respective captains in action. On those opinions Lord Howe made no comment; but it is presumed that he ultimately agreed with them, from his conduct in the celebrated action of the 1st of June 1794, when he had the enemy's fleet directly to leeward of him from the night before.

In the relief of Gibraltar, the Foudroyant had the honour to be the ship which was dispatched from the fleet to escort the victuallers into the harbour, which was accomplished amid the acclamations of the garrison. It had been expected that Lord Howe would have attacked the combined fleets, and the nation of course looked forward to a victory; but they were disappointed. The fact is, that Lord Howe, though a brave man, and what is generally regarded as a good officer, was of a different class of mind from the Jervises and Nelsons. He did his duty, but he did no more. The men who were yet to give a character to the navy did more than their duty, suffered no opportunity of distinction to escape them, relied on the invincibility of British prowess when it was boldly directed, and by that reliance rendered it invincible.

There was a kindness and generosity of nature in this future "thunderbolt of war," which shows how compatible the gentler feelings are with the gallant daring, and comprehensive talent of the great commander. Having happened to receive the Duc de Chabellais on board his ship when at Cadiz, the politeness of his reception caused the Sardinian prince to exhibit his gratitude in some handsome presents to the officers. One of Jervis's letters mentions, that the prince had given to each of the lieutenants a handsome gold box; to the lieutenant of marines and five of the midshipmen gold watches; and to the other officers and ship's company, a princely sum of money.

"I pride myself," he adds, "exceedingly in the presents being so diffused; on all former occasions they have centred in the captain." In another letter he says,—"I was twenty-four hours in the bay of Marseilles about a fortnight ago, just time to receive the warm embraces of a man to whose bravery and friendship I had some months before been indebted for my reputation, the preservation of the people under my command, and of the Alarm. You would have felt infinite pleasure at the scene of our interview." In a letter to the under-secretary of the Admiralty, he says,—"My dear Jackson, you must allow me to interest your humanity in favour of poor Spicer, who, overwhelmed with dropsy, asthma, and a large family, and with nothing but his pay to support him under those afflictions, is appointed to the — under a mean man, and very likely to go to the East Indies. The letter which he writes to the Board, desiring to be excused from his appointment, is dictated by me."

He then mentions a contingency, "in which case I shall write for Spicer to be first lieutenant of the Foudroyant, with intention to nurse him, and keep him clear of all expense."

Shortly after the Foudroyant was paid off, Sir John Jervis was united to a lady to whom he had long been attached, the daughter of Sir Thomas Parker, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Every man in England, as he rises into distinction, necessarily becomes a politician. It was the misfortune of Sir John Jervis, and it was his only misfortune, that he was a politician before he had risen into distinction. Having had the ill luck to profess himself a Whig, at a period when he could scarcely have known the nature of the connexion, he unhappily adhered to it long after Whiggism had ceased to possess either public utility or national respect. But his Whiggism was unconscious Toryism after all: it was what even his biographer is forced to call it, Whig Royalism, or pretty nearly what Blake's Republicanism was—a determination to raise his country to the highest eminence to which his talents and bravery could contribute, without regarding by whom the government was administered. At the general election of 1784, he sat for Yarmouth.

In 1787, Sir John Jervis was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral. At the general election in 1790, he was returned for Wycombe, and shared in parlia-

ment the successive defeats of his party; until, in 1793, he was called to a nobler field, in which, unembarrassed by party, and undegraded by Whiggism, his talents took their natural direction in the cause of his country. It is now scarcely necessary to remark upon the narrow system of enterprise with which England began the great revolutionary war; nor can it now be doubted that, if the energies of the country had been directed to meet the enemy in Europe, measureless misfortunes might have been averted. If the succession of fleets and armies which were wasted upon the conquest of the French West Indies, had been employed in the protection of the feeble European states, there can be no question that the progress of the French armies would have been signally retarded, if invasion had not been thrown back over the French frontier. For instance, it would have been utterly impossible for Napoleon, in 1796, to have marched triumphantly throughout Italy with the British fleet covering the coast, commanding all the harbours, and ready to throw in troops in aid of the insurrections in his rear.

But it was the policy of the time to pacify the merchants, whose bugbear was a negro insurrection in the West Indies; and whether the genius or the fears of Pitt gave way to the impression, the consequence was equally lamentable—the mighty power of England was wasted on the capture of sugar islands, which we did not want, which we could not cultivate, and which cost the lives, by disease and climate, of ten times the number of gallant men who might have saved Europe. At the close of 1793, a grand expedition against the French Caribbee islands was resolved upon by the British cabinet; and it is a remarkable instance of both the reputation of Sir John Jervis and the impartiality of the great minister, that a Whig member of parliament should have been chosen to command the naval part of the expedition.

The expedition consisted of twenty-two ships of war and six thousand troops, the troops divided into three brigades, of which one was commanded by the late Duke of Kent. Sir John Jervis hoisted his flag as vice-admiral of the blue on the 3d of October.

A ludicrous circumstance occurred in the instance of a favourite officer, Mr. Baynton, who had applied for permission to join Sir John. Baynton received in answer the following decisive note: "Sir, your having thought fit to take to yourself a wife, you are to look for no further attention from your humble servant, J. JERVIS." It happened that Baynton was a bachelor, and he instantly wrote an exculpatory letter, denying that he had been guilty of so formidable a charge. The mistake arose from a misdirection in two notes which the admiral had written on the same subject. He had left them to Lady Jervis to direct, and she had addressed them to the wrong persons. The consequence, however, was, that Baynton received the appointment, and the married man the refusal. This inveteracy against married officers seems strange in one who had committed the same crime himself; yet he constantly persisted in calling officers who married moonstruck, and appears at all times to have regarded matrimony in the service as little short of personal ruin.

On the passage out, a curious circumstance occurred to the Zebra frigate, under command of the gallant Robert Faulknor. The Zebra, which had been separated from the rest of the squadron, saw one evening a ship on the horizon. All sail was made in chase, and the ship was discovered to be a twenty-eight gun frigate. All contrivances were adopted to induce her to show her colours, but without success. At length Faulknor, impatient of delay, and disregarding the disparity of force, closed upon her, and jumped on board at the head of his men. To his astonishment he found that she was a Dutch frigate, quietly pursuing her way; and as Holland was at peace with England, equally unexpected and unprepared for an attack. This instance of apathy might have procured her a broadside; but luckily the affair finished with the shaking of hands.

On the 5th of February the expedition reached Martinique. On the 18th of March Fort Lewis was stormed, General Rochambeau capitulated, and Martinique was taken, St. Lucie followed, the Saintes next fell, and the final conquest was Guadaloupe. Thus in three months the capture of the French islands was complete.

But an enemy more formidable than the sword was now to be encountered. The yellow fever began its ravages. The troops perished in such numbers, that the regiments were reduced to skeletons; and just at the moment when the disease was at its height, Victor Hughes was dispatched from France with an expedition. The islands fell one by one into his hands, and the campaign was utterly thrown away.

The romantic portion of the European campaigns now began. The French Directory, unpopular at home, wearied by the sanguinary successes of the Vendean insurrection, and baffled in their invasion of Germany, were in a condition of the greatest perplexity, when a new wonder of war taught France again to conquer. Napoleon Bonaparte, since so memorable, but then known only as commanding a company of artillery at Toulon, and repelling the armed mob in Paris, was appointed to command the army on the Italian frontier. Even now, with all our knowledge of his genius, and the splendid experience of his successes, his sudden elevation, his daring offer of command, his plan of the Italian campaign, and his almost instantaneous victories, are legitimate matter of astonishment. In him we have the instance of a young man of twenty-six, who had never seen a campaign, who had never commanded a brigade, nor even a regiment, undertaking the command of an army, proposing the invasion of a country of eighteen millions, garrisoned by the army of one of the greatest military powers of Europe, which had nearly 300,000 soldiers in the field, and which was in the most intimate alliance with all the sovereigns of Italy. Yet, extravagant as all those conceptions seem, and improbable as those results certainly were, two campaigns saw every project realized—Italy conquered, the Tyrol, the great southern barrier of Austria, overpassed, and peace signed within a hundred miles of Vienna. The invasion of Italy first awoke the British ministry to the true direction of the vast naval powers of England. To save Italy if possible, was the primary object; the next was to prevent the superiority of the French fleet in the Mediterranean. A powerful fleet had been prepared in Toulon, for the purpose of aiding the French army in its invasion, and finally taking possession of all the ports and islands, until it should have realized the project of Louis XIV., of turning the Mediterranean into a French lake. It was determined to keep up a powerful British fleet to oppose this project, and Sir John Jervis was appointed to the command. Nothing could be a higher testimony to the opinion entertained of his talents, as his connexion with the Whigs was undisguised. But Pitt's feeling for the public service overcame all personal predilections, and this great officer was sent to take the command of the most extensive and important station to which a British admiral could be appointed. Lord Hood had previously declined it, on the singular plea of inadequacy of force; and Sir Charles Hotham having solicited his recall in consequence of declining health, the gallant Jervis was sent forth to establish the renown of his country and his own.

The fleet was a noble command. It consisted on the whole of about twenty-

five sail of the line, two of them of a hundred guns, and five of ninety-eight; thirty-six frigates, and fifteen or sixteen sloops and other armed vessels.

Among the officers of the fleet were almost all the names which subsequently obtained distinction in the great naval victories—Troubridge, Hallowell, Hood, Collingwood, &c., and first of the first, that star of the British seaman, Nelson. It is remarkable, and only a just tribute to the new admiral, that he, almost from his earliest intercourse with those gallant men, marked their merits, although hitherto they had found no opportunities of acquiring distinction—all were to come. Nelson, in writing to his wife, speaking of the admiral's notice of him, says, "Sir John Jervis was a perfect stranger to me, therefore I feel the more flattered."

The admiral, in writing to the secretary of the Admiralty, says—"I am afraid of being thought a puffer, like many of my brethren, or I should before have dealt out to the Board the merits of Captain Troubridge, which are very uncommon."

The French fleet, of fifteen sail of the line, lay in Toulon, ready to convey an army to plunge upon the Roman states. Sir John Jervis instantly proceeded to block up Toulon, keeping what is called the in-shore squadron looking into the harbour's mouth, while the main body cruised outside. The admiral at once employed Nelson on the brilliant service for which he was fitted, and sent him with a flying squadron of a ship of the line, three frigates, and two sloops, to scour the coast of Italy. The duties of the Mediterranean fleet, powerful as the armament was, were immense. Independently of the blockade of Toulon, and the necessity of continually watching the enemy's fleet, which might be brought out by the same wind which blew off the British, the admiral had the responsibility of protecting the Mediterranean convoys, of sustaining the British interests in the neutral courts, of assisting the allies on shore, of overawing the Barbary powers, which were then peculiarly restless and insolent, and of upholding the general supremacy of England, from Smyrna to Gibraltar.

The French campaign opened on the 9th of April 1797, and the Austrians were beaten on the following day at Montenotte, and in a campaign of a month Bonaparte reached Milan. The success of the enemy increased to an extraordinary degree the difficulties of the British admiral. The repairs of the fleet, the provisioning, and every other circumstance connected with the land, lay under increased impediments; but they were all gradually overcome by the vigilance and intelligence of the admiral.

A curious and characteristic circumstance occurred, soon after his taking the command. Nelson had captured a vessel carrying 152 Austrian grenadiers, who had been made prisoners by the French, and actually sold by their captors to the Spaniards, for the purpose of enlisting them in the Spanish army. His letter to Jackson, the secretary of legation at Turin, on this subject, spiritedly expresses his feelings:—

"Sir,—From a Swiss dealer in human flesh, the demand made upon me to deliver up 152 Austrian grenadiers, serving on board his Majesty's fleet under my command, is natural enough; but that a Spaniard, who is a noble creature, should join in such a demand, I must confess astonishes me; and I can only account for it by the Chevalier Caamano being ignorant that the persons in question were made prisoners of war in the last affair with General Beaulieu, and are not deserters, and that they were most basely sold by the French commissaries to the vile crimps who recruit for the foreign regiments in the service of Spain. It is high time a stop should be put to this abominable traffic, a million times more disgraceful than the African slave-trade."

But other dangers now menaced the British supremacy in the Mediterranean. The victories of Bonaparte had terrified all the Italian states into neutrality or absolute submission; and the success of the Directory, and perhaps their bribes, influenced the miserably corrupt and feeble Spanish ministry, to make common cause with the conquering republic. Spain at last became openly hostile. This was a tremendous increase of hazards, because Spain had fifty-seven sail of the line, and a crowd of frigates. The difficulty of blockading Toulon was now increased by the failure of provisions. On the night of the 2d of November, the admiral sent for the master of the Victory, and told him that he now had not the least hope of being reinforced, and had made up his mind to push down to Gibraltar with all possible dispatch.

The passage became a stormy one, and it was with considerable difficulty that the fleet reached Gibraltar. Some of the transports were lost, a ship of the line went down, and several of the fleet were disabled.

The result of the French successes and the Austrian misfortunes, was an order for the fleet to leave the Mediterranean, and take up its station at the Tagus. The vivid spirit of Nelson was especially indignant at this change of scene. In one of his letters he says—"We are preparing to leave the Mediterranean, a measure which I cannot approve. They at home do not know what this fleet is capable of performing—any thing, and every thing. Of all the fleets I ever saw, I never saw one, in point of officers and men, equal to Sir John Jervis's, who is a commander able to lead them to glory." The admiral's merits were recognized by the government in a still more permanent manner; for, by a despatch from the Admiralty in February 1797, it was announced that the king had raised him to the dignity of the peerage.

The prospect now darkened round every quarter of the horizon. The power of Austria had given way; Spain and Holland were combined against our naval supremacy; Italy was lost; a French expedition threatened Ireland; there was a strong probability of the invasion of Portugal; and the junction of the French and Spanish fleets might endanger not merely the Tagus fleet, but expose the Channel fleet to an encounter with numbers so superior, as to leave the British shores open to invasion. The domestic difficulties, too, had their share. The necessity of suspending cash payments at the Bank had, if not thrown a damp upon the nation, at least given so formidable a ground for the fallacies and bitterness of the Opposition, as deeply to embarrass even the fortitude of the great minister. We can now see how slightly all these hazards eventually affected the real power of England; and we now feel how fully adequate the strength of this extraordinary and inexhaustible country was to resist all obstacles, and turn the trial into triumph. But faction was busy, party predicted ruin, public men used every art to dispirit the nation and inflame the populace; and the result was, a state of public anxiety of which no former war had given the example.

It is incontestable that the list of the British navy at this period of the war exhibited some of the noblest specimens of English character—brave, intelligent, and indefatigable men, ready for any service, and equal for all; with all the intrepidity of heroes, possessing the highest science of their profession, and exhibiting at once that lion-heartedness, and that knowledge, which gave the British navy the command of the ocean. And yet, if we were to assign the highest place where all were high, we should probably assign it to Lord St Vincent as an admiral. Nelson certainly, as an executive officer, defies all competition; his three battles, Copenhagen, Aboukir, and Trafalgar, each of them a title to eminent distinction, place him as a conqueror at the head of all.

But an admiral has other duties than those of the line of battle; and for a great naval administrator, first disciplining a fleet, then supplying it with all the means of victory, and finally leading it to victory—Lord St Vincent was perhaps the most complete example on record of all the combined qualities that make the British admiral. His profound tactics, his stern but salutary exactness of command, his incomparable judgment, and his cool and unhesitating intrepidity, form one of the very noblest models of high command. All those qualities were now to be called into full exertion.

The continental campaign had left Europe at the mercy of France. England was now the only enemy, and she was to be assailed, in the first instance, by a naval war. To prevent the junction of the Spanish and French fleets, the Tagus was the station fixed upon by Lord St Vincent. Ill luck seemed to frown upon the fleet. The Bombay Castle, a seventy-four, was lost going in; the St George, a ninety, grounded in coming out, and was obliged to be docked; still the admiral determined to keep the sea, though his fleet was reduced to eight sail of the line. The day before he left the Tagus, information was received that the enemy's fleet had both left the Mediterranean. The French gone to Brest, the Spanish first to Toulon, then to Carthage, and was now proceeding to join the French at Brest. A reinforcement of six sail of the line now fortunately joined the fleet off the Tagus; but at the same time information was received that the Spanish fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line, with fourteen frigates, had passed Cadiz, and could not be far distant. To prevent the junction of this immense force with the powerful fleet already prepared for a start in Brest, was of the utmost national importance; for, combined, they must sweep the Channel. The admiral instantly formed his plan, and sailed for Cape St Vincent.

The details of the magnificent encounter which followed, are among the best portions of the volumes. They are strikingly given, and will attract the notice as they might form the model, of the future historian of this glorious period of our annals. We can now give only an outline.

On the announcement of the Spanish advance, the first object was to gain exact intelligence, and ships were stationed in all quarters on the lookout. But on the 13th Captain Foote, in the Niger frigate, joined, with the intelligence that he had kept sight of the enemy for three days. The admiral was now to have a new reinforcement, not in ships but in heroes; the Minerva frigate, bearing Nelson's broad pendant, from the Mediterranean, arrived, and Nelson shifted his pendant into the Captain. The Lively frigate, with Lord Garlies, also arrived from Corsica. The signal was made, "To keep close order, and prepare for battle." On that day, Lord Garlies, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Captain Hallowell, with some other officers, dined on board the Victory. At breaking up, the toast was drunk, "Victory over the Dons, in the battle for which they cannot escape to-morrow!"

The "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," can probably have but little conception of the price which men in high command pay for glory. No language can describe the anxieties which have often exercised the minds of those bold and prominent characters, of whom we now know little but of their laurels. The solemn responsibilities of their condition, the consciousness that a false step might be ruin, the feeling that the eye of their country was fixed upon them, the hope of renown, the dread of tarnishing all their past distinctions, must pass powerfully and painfully through the mind of men fitted for the struggles by which greatness is to be alone achieved.

"It is believed that Sir John Jervis did not go to bed that night, but sat up writing. It is certain that he executed his will." In the course of the first and second watches, the enemy's signal-guns were distinctly heard; and, as he noticed them sounding more and more audibly, Sir John made more earnest enquiries as to the compact order and situation of his own ships, as well as they could be made out in the darkness. Long before break of day, he walked the deck in more than even his usual silence. When the grey of the morning of the 14th enabled him to discern his fleet, his first remarks were high approbation of his captains, for "their admirably close order, and that he wished they were now well up with the enemy; for," added he thoughtfully, "a victory is very essential to England at this moment."

Now came on the day of decision. The morning was foggy; but as the mist cleared up, the Lively, and then the Niger, signaled "a strange fleet." The Bonne Citoyenne was next ordered to reconnoitre. Soon after, the Culloden's guns announced the enemy. At twenty minutes past ten the signal was made to six of the ships—"to chase." Sir John still walked the quarterdeck, and, as the enemy's numbers were counted, they were duly reported to him by the captain of the fleet.

"There are eight sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty sail of the line Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty-five sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty-seven sail of the line, Sir John." This was accompanied by some remark on the great disparity of the two forces. Sir John's gallant answer now was:—

"Enough, sir—no more of that: the die is cast, and if there are fifty sail, I will go through them."

At forty minutes past ten the signal was made to form line of battle ahead and astern of the Victory, and to steer S. S. W. The fog was now cleared off, and the British fleet were seen admirably formed in the closest order; while the Spaniards were stretching in two straggling bodies across the horizon, leaving an open space between. The opportunity of dividing their fleet struck the admiral at once, and at half-past eleven the signal was made to pass through the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward. At twelve o'clock, as the Culloden was reaching close up to the enemy, the British fleet hoisted their colours and the Culloden opened her fire. An extraordinary incident, even in those colossal battles, occurred to this fine ship. The course of the Culloden brought her directly on board one of the enemy's three-deckers. The first lieutenant, Griffiths, reported to her captain, Troubridge, that a collision was inevitable. "Can't help it, Griffiths—let the weakest fend off," was the hero's reply. The Culloden, still pushing on, fired two of her double-shotted broadsides into the Spaniard with such tremendous effect, that the three-decker went about, and the guns of her other side not being even cast loose, she did not fire a single shot while the Culloden passed triumphantly through. Scarcely had she broken the enemy's line, than the commander-in-chief signaled the order to tack in succession. Troubridge's manoeuvre was so dashing performed, that the admiral could not restrain his delight and admiration.

"Look, Jackson," he rapturously exclaimed, "look at Troubridge there! He tacks his ship to battle as if the eyes of all England were upon him; and would to God they were, for then they would see him to be what I know him."

The leeward division of the enemy, perceiving the fatal consequences of their disunited order of sailing, now endeavoured to retrieve the day, and to break through the British line. A vice-admiral, in a three-decker, led them, and was reaching up to the Victory just as she had come up to tack in her station. The vice-admiral stood on with great apparent determination till within pistol-shot, but there he stopped; and when the Victory could bring her guns to bear upon him, she thundered in two of her broadsides, sweeping the Spaniard's decks, and so terrified him, that when his sails filled, he ran clear out of the battle altogether. The Victory then tacked into her station, and the conflict raged with desperate fury. At this period of the battle, the Spanish commander-in-chief bore up with nine sail of the line to run round the British, and rejoin his leeward division. This was a formidable manœuvre; but no sooner was it commenced, than his eye caught it "whose greatest wish it ever was to be the first to find, and for most to fight, his enemy." Nelson, instead of waiting till his turn to tack should bring him into action, took it upon himself to depart from the prescribed mode of attack, and ordered his ship to be immediately wore. This masterly manœuvre was completely successful, at once arresting the Spanish commander-in-chief, and carrying Nelson and Collingwood into the van and brunt of the battle. He now attacked the four-decker, the Santissima Trinidad, also engaged by the Culloden. The Captain's fore-topmast being now shot away, Nelson put his helm down, and let her come to the wind, that he might board the San Nicolas; Captain, afterwards Sir Edward Berry, then a passenger with Nelson, jumping into her mizen chains, was the first in the enemy's ship; Nelson leading his boarders, and a party of the 69th regiment, immediately followed, and the colours were hauled down. While he was on deck of the San Nicolas, the San Josef, disabled, fell on board. Nelson instantly seized the opportunity of boarding her from his prize; followed by Captain Berry, and Lieutenant Pierson of the 69th, he led the boarders, and jumped into the San Josef's main-chains. He was then informed that the ship had surrendered. Four line-of-battle ships had now been taken, and the Santissima Trinidad had also struck; but she subsequently made her escape, for now the Spanish leeward division, fourteen sail, having re-formed their line, bore down to support their commander-in-chief: to receive them, Sir John Jervis was obliged to form a line of battle on the starboard tack—the enemy immediately retired. Thus, at five in the evening, concluded the most brilliant battle that had ever till then been fought at sea.

Captain Calder was immediately sent off with the despatch, and arrived in London on the 3d of March. A battle gained over such a numerical superiority, for it was much more than two to one, when we take into our estimate the immense size of the enemy's ships, and their weight of metal, there being one four-decker of 130 guns, and six three-deckers of 112, of which two were taken; and further, the more interesting circumstance, that this great victory was gained on our part with only the loss of 73 killed and 227 wounded, the public feeling of exultation was unbounded; and when the minister moved that the vote of thanks should be taken on the following Monday, the House would hear of no delay but insisted on recording its gratitude at the moment. The House of Peers gave a similar vote on the 8th; and the Commons and the Crown immediately proposed to settle upon the admiral a pension of three thousand a-year. A member of the House of Commons, on moving for an address to the Crown to confer some signal mark of favour on the admiral, was instantly replied to by the sonorous eloquence of the minister—"Can it be supposed," said he, "that the Crown can require to be prompted to pay the just tribute of approbation and honour to those who have eminently distinguished themselves by public services! On the part of his majesty's ministers, I can safely affirm, that before the last splendid instance of the conduct of the gallant admiral, we have not been remiss in watching the uniform tenor of his professional career. We have witnessed the whole of his proceedings—such instances of perseverance, of diligence, and of exertion in the public service, as, though less brilliant and dazzling than the last exploits, are only less meritorious as they are put in competition with a single day, which has produced such incalculable benefit to the British empire."

The result was an earldom. The first lord of the Admiralty, Lord Spencer, having already written to Sir John the royal pleasure to promote him to a peerage, and the letter not having reached him previously to the battle, he thus had notice of the two steps in the peerage nearly at once.

Popular honours now flowed in upon him: London voted its freedom in a gold box, with swords to the admirals of the fleet and Nelson; vice-admirals Parker and Thompson were created baronets; Nelson received the red ribbon: the chief cities and towns of England and Ireland sent their freedoms and presents; and the king gave all the admirals and captains a gold medal.

We must now be brief in our observations on the services of this most distinguished person. We have next a narrative of the suppression of the memorable mutiny in 1798, whose purpose it was to have suffered the enemy's fleet to leave their harbours, to revolutionize the Mediterranean fleet, and, after putting the admirals and captains to death, proceed to every folly and frenzy that could be committed by men conscious that forgiveness was impossible. The fleet under Lord St. Vincent was on the point of corruption, when it was restored to discipline by the singular firmness of the admiral, who, by exhibiting his determination to punish all insubordination, extinguished this most alarming disaffection, and saved the naval name of the country.

On the resignation of Mr. Pitt in 1801, and the appointment of Mr. Addington as first lord of the treasury, a letter was written from the new minister to Lord St. Vincent, offering him the appointment of first lord of the Admiralty.

Having obtained an interview with the king, and explained the general tone of his political feelings, the king told him he very much wished to see him at the Admiralty, and to place the navy entirely in his hands. This was perhaps the only appointment of that singularly feeble administration which met with universal approval. There could be no question of the intelligence, high principle, or public services of the great admiral. Mr. Addington came into power under circumstances which would have tried the talents of a man of first-rate ability. The war had exhausted the patience, though not the power of the nation. All our allies had failed. The severity of the taxes was doubly felt, when the war had necessarily turned into a blockade on the Continent. We had thus all the exhaustion of hostilities without the excitement of triumph; and to increase public anxieties, the failure of the harvest threatened a comparative famine. Wheat, which on an average of the preceding ten years had been 54s. a quarter, was now at 110s., then rose to 139s., and even reached as high as 180s. At one period the quarter loaf had risen to 1s. 10d. The popular cry now arose for peace. France, which with all her victories had been taught the precariousness of war, by the loss of Egypt and the capture of her army, was now also eager for peace. England had but two allies, Portugal and Turkey. At length the peace was made, and Lord St. Vincent's attention was then drawn to an object which he had long in view, the reformation of the dockyards. This was indeed the Augean stable, and unexampled clamor arose from the multitude

who had indolently fattened for years on the easy plunder of the public stores. However, the reform went on; perquisites were abolished, privileges were taken away; and, rough as the operation was, nothing could be more salutary than its effect. The acuteness of the gallant old man at the head of the Admiralty could not be evaded, his vigor could not be defied, and his public spirit gave him an influence with the country, which enabled him to outlive faction and put down calumny. Yet this was evidently the most painful, and, to a certain extent, the most unsuccessful portion of his long career. Nominally a Whig, but practically a Tory—for his loyalty was unimpeachable, and his honour without a stain—Lord St. Vincent found himself in the condition of a man who presses reform on those with whom hitherto it has been only a watch-word, and expects faction to act up to its profession.

The Addington treaty was soon discovered to be nothing more than a truce. Napoleon lived only in war; hostilities were essential to the government which he had formed for France; and his theory of government, false as it was, and his passion for excitement, whatever might be its price, made even the two years of peace so irksome to him, that he actually adopted a gross and foolish insult to the British ambassador as the means of compelling us to renew the conflict. The first result was, the return of Pitt to power; the next, the total ruin of the French navy at Trafalgar; the next, the bloody and ruinous war with Russia, expressly for the ruin of England through the ruin of her commerce; and finally the crash of Waterloo, which extinguished his diadem and his dominion together—a series of events, occurring within little more than ten years, of a more stupendous order than had hitherto affected the fate of any individual, or influenced the destinies of an European kingdom.

With the ministry of Mr. Addington, Lord St. Vincent retired from public life. He was now old, and the hardships of long service had partially exhausted his original vigor of frame. He retired to his seat, Rochetts in Essex, and there led the delightful life of a man who had gained opulence and distinction by pre-eminent services, and whose old age was surrounded by love, honour, and troops of friends. He appeared from time to time in the House of Lords, where, however, he spoke but seldom, but where he always spoke with dignity and effect.

In the month of March 1823, Lord St. Vincent was seized with a general feeling of infirmity which portended his speedy dissolution. He had a violent and convulsive cough; yet his intellects were strongly turned upon public events, and he expressed an anxiety to know all that could be known of events in France, which was then disturbed; of the Spanish revolution, which then threatened to involve Europe; and even of the affairs of Greece. In the course of the evening of the 13th, while his physician and family were round him, his strength suddenly gave way, and at half past eight he died, at the age of eighty-eight, and was buried at Stone in Staffordshire. He was succeeded in the peerage by his nephew, who, however, inherits only the viscountcy.

In our general notice of Lord St. Vincent's career, we have adverted as little as possible to the opinions which his biographer had introduced from his own view of public affairs. We have no wish to make a peevish return to the writer of a work which has given us both information and pleasure. But it is necessary to caution Mr. Tucker against giving trite and trifling opinions on subjects of which he evidently knows so little as of the Roman question, or the state of Ireland. Nothing is easier than to be at once solemn and superficial on such topics; and when a writer of this order flings his epithets of "bigoted, harsh, and impolitic," and the other stock phrases of party organs, he only enfeebles our respect for his authority in the immediate matters of his work, and rather lowers our respect for his faculties in all.

JOTTINGS IN MY NOTE-BOOK. FIRST GATHERING.

BY A DREAMER.

Might not a curious paper be written on the last verses of our poets, and an attempt made to show that in them those glorious spirits took, perhaps unconsciously, no unmeet farewell of the muse? The last lines written by Lord Byron were:—

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Shelley's last poem, and perhaps the most mystical of any he wrote, is called "The Triumph of Life," and was in great part composed as he floated on that fatal sea which was so soon to engulf him. Its conclusion is:—

After brief space
From every form the beauty slowly waned;
From every firmest limb and fairest face
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
The action and the shape, without the grace
Of life. . . . Thus on the way
Mask after mask fell from the countenance
And form of all, and long before the day
Was old, the joy which waked, like heaven's glance,
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died;
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,
And fell, as I have fallen, by the way-side;—
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past,
And least of strength and beauty did abide.

Then, what is life? I cried.

The lingering sweetness of the last notes of the Hemans has not yet quitted our ears, and her "Sabbath Sonnet" was the tender adieu the daughter of music, with failing fingers, took of her harp. It followed—how fitly!—her magnificent lyric, "Despondency and Aspiration," and told that the restless longings of that lofty strain were all fulfilled, and oh, how abundantly! She died in early summer, and this was the broken melody of the poor sufferer on her last Sabbath morning. Memories of the sunshiny fields of her own England came across her soul, the peacefulness which seems pre-eminently cast over nature during the hallowed hours, the happy groups wending their way, alike from hall and from hamlet, towards the grey church-tower, whence the sweet jangling chimes are issuing—and then the touching allusion to her own feebleness:—

I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound;—yet, oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

Another, and an altered, gust from the wind-harp! Yes; the breezy tones are changed, and the instrument obeys the unseen agent's ministration. Is not the human soul the instrument we speak of; and feelings, do they not sweep its chords, and shake out response, ay! and to widely different vibrations!

William Motherwell, whose Scottish ballads have brought tears to the eyes of many a snooded maiden of his own country, and whose wild Norse legends have yet more powerfully affected the men, is the next I shall refer to for illustration of my position. With a sense of coming mortality creeping over him, and a feeling as though the long grass were already waving above his head, and with the natural desire not wholly to pass away from men's memories, the poet passionately entreates, in his last lines, to be remembered. He asks himself, will there be any to visit his grave, and pace it round thinking of him, and sit down by his side, as he lies there cold and senseless, and name his name, now growing unfamiliar? And then, while half hoping and half doubting, he calls to mind that the dead have no need of this tribute, even as they so rarely receive it; and his conclusion is a kind of palinode of all his preceding wishes. I quote from memory, but am sure I quote correctly:—

It may be so. But this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow
Shall never need.
Lay me, then, gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou sad heart!
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain; for time has long been knelling,
"Sad one, depart!"

I could extend this considerably; but it is often pleasanter to suggest than to enlarge.

One thing you will learn fast enough in the world, for it is potent in such teaching—that is, to be suspicious. Oh! cast from you for ever the hateful lesson. Men do not think how much of their innocence they are laying down, when they assume a clothing whose texture is guile. Beware of this mock protection; for you can hardly use it without practising deceit. I do not ask you to trust always; but I would have you think well of men until you find them otherwise. When you are once deceived, either by an acted or a spoken falsehood, trust that person no more.

I had it once laid down to me as an axiom, by a very dear friend, (and I am so satisfied of the precept's truth as to make it a rule of my life) that, persons rarely suspect others except of things which they are capable of doing themselves. Yes; these shadows of doubting are generally flung from some bad realities within. You are looking at your own image when you see so much vileness in your neighbour's face. How much better might not we ourselves become, if we used more largely to others that blessed charity which thinketh no evil!

I am assured by the friend who has favoured me with them, that the following spirited lines have never been printed. I do not think they will suffer from a comparison even with Shelley's, and only regret I cannot name the translator:—

TO THE LARK.

From the Welsh of Dafydd ab Gwilym, a bard of the fourteenth century.

I.
Sentinel of the morning light!
Reveller of the spring!
How sweetly, nobly, wild thy flight,
Thy boundless journeying;
Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone,
A hermit chorister before God's throne!

II.
Oh! wilt thou climb the heavens for me,
Yon rampart's starry height—
Thou interlude of melody
'Twixt darkness and the light;
And seek, with heaven's first dawn upon thy crest,
My lady love, the moonbeam of the west!

III.
No woodland caroller art thou:
Far from the archer's eye,
Thy course is o'er the mountain brow,
Thy music in the sky;
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,
Thou earthly denizen of angel song!

Truly, the world is a lovely place. Not the minutest blade of grass, or the humblest flower, I pass by without a blessing; or the perishing ephemeron, or the everlasting hills; or the faint tinkling streamlet, or the full, far-sounding ocean—all alike in their perfections, though differing in their degrees—all these are glorious to my eye and senses. But man!—here is the rending of the divine link—man is the outcast, the spoiler, the doomed. He is no more what he once was, and what he ought to be; and I seek no farther proof of the necessity for a change in his nature and destinies.

The world—I mean the world of nature—is lovely. Tell me, dear reader, have you ever looked up straight into the clear heavens, when they were mirroring as soft a blue as your mistress's eye, and thought for an instant what Space was, without feeling a weight suddenly plucked off your head, and a moving thrill which made your pulses leap within you, from the vague sense of habitation bearing the same relation to locality that eternity does to time? And then, when you saw the smiling fields stretching far, far away on all sides of you, which led off your eye at last on the distant hills, did you not pant to cast yourself abroad on that glorious scene, and involuntarily murmur—

"Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!"

Once more: is there not something inexpressibly awful in the solitary mag-

nificence of the noon-day sun, as he pours down those ceaseless tides of glory on this lower world!—when you think that he is at one and the same moment shining for countless miles on the expanse of the glittering sea, and visiting the shady forest, the lonely country, the peopled city; the palace of the nobles, the hut of the beggar; the happy home of health, the heaped-up hospital: the rich, the proud, the rejoicing; the wretched, the dying, the dead, and the green graves. Yes, all these things, so widely differing, yet forming part of the same human life, that glorious eye takes in at once!

I do not think we sufficiently sympathise with our juniors in years. That false pride, that dearly-bought experience, through which we maintain a superiority over them, dispose us too much to overlook their many beautiful traits of character. We do not remember that these little people, in their own selves, and so far as their unripened sensibilities carry them, are each of them the centre of a circle, the moving point round which revolves the whole world beside. Neither do we think often enough, that there is a freshness in these young souls which may profitably revive our jaded hearts, and an honesty of purpose like an atmosphere surrounding them, which it would be well for us sometimes to breathe; and that lastly, by "becoming as little children," we are getting taught by those who, of all instructors on earth, are nearest heaven; for they have come most recently from it, and its fragrance is still floating about them.

I envy not the man who can look on the open countenance of the true-hearted boy, or the fair and delicate face of girlhood, with those pensive eyes and long golden hair, and not call to mind his own by-gone years, nor seek to read for those untired spirits what is written for them in the book of daily life. Were I to try to feel like him, I should not succeed; for I regard the young with an intense sympathy. Remembering most vividly, as I do, when I was one of them, and recollecting the upward feeling wherewith I used to regard the full-grown, I cannot help now shaping my thoughts downwards, and becoming one with them again. It may be, that we do not give, in this world, sufficient individuality to each with whom we mix. The selfish feeling of making the world one thing, and ourselves the other, closes up the heart against all the gentler sympathies; and the apprehension of childishness, and its imputation to us, prevent our entering into their little feelings, and giving them their due weight and importance.

Yet who remembers not the days of his boyhood? What traveller, even in the midst of toilsome and busy years, when manhood had hardened his heart, and disappointment taught him to rejoice no more in earth, did not turn his eye backward to his father's manly welcome, the tender reception from his mother, his young sisters' proud trusting in him, and his happy home, whither no care nor sorrow could pursue him—the family hearth was a sanctuary, and there he was safe.

The innocence of childhood, consisting, as it does, in the ignorance of evil, is for me the one charm which makes it so like what I dream of heaven. Alas! how often, when I gazed on the fair hair of the young, and eyes that looked no evil, have I in my heart shed tears that such whiteness of soul was no longer mine own—bitter tears of repentance, but ineffectual ones likewise, for they were the lament for what had long since departed. The fruit had been tasted, and the paradise of primeval harmlessness wandered from for ever.

O, the littleness of human knowledge! All that we know is, nothing can be known. Mystery of mysteries are we full often to ourselves; and if we knew not what is in us—if when we cast the glance of anxious enquiry within, and ask individually, "What am I?" the hollowiness of vacuity only reverberates the question—how can we hope to comprehend what is not of ourselves?

The world talk of "mental acquirements." Mental acquirements! and what are they? The astronomer will tell you that Science has now, like the giants of old, scaled the heavens; yea, that he, even he, has in his wisdom meted out the stars—that he has computed their number, and discovered their positions—that he has observed their progress, and marked their varied revolutions. But turn, and ask the wise man something further, and behold his emptiness! Ask him, What is any one of those glowing orbs of which he so vaunteth his knowledge? Is it only

"A speck of tinsel, fixed in heaven
To light the midnights of his native town."

Or, is it a world like unto our own? Are cares, and fears, and sorrows all there, enveloping it like a sky? and is it only its measureless distance which invests it with such lustre? Do its tenants contemplate this earth with feelings at all akin to ours, when we regard their world? Do they long to discover what beings people so glorious a fabric, and gazing do they

"Wonder what is there,
So beautiful it seems?"

Ask him then any of these questions, and where is his knowledge?

Again, visit the physiologist, and inquire of him, where is that thinking portion of man, his true self, seated? He can tell you much of its divine functions, but nothing of its real nature; he can dilate on its mighty and mysterious powers, but what tangible idea can he afford you of itself? Bring him to the new-made corpse—the temple in ruins, from which the guardian deity is departed—the signet, whereon *Ichabod*, the word of wo, is engraven—and ask him, where in that tabernacle abode its inmate? whence arose that strange communion between earth and heaven? How came the worm and the god to be united in that weak frame? Alas, he can give you no reply; or should he try to reason out the question, he may lead you, apparently, a step or two further, and then will be compelled to desist.

The great Sanctuary of Knowledge mortal foot has never entered; the veil which separates it from our gaze has not yet been uplifted; and though at times we fancy we have advanced beyond our fellows towards treading its unseen recesses, we in reality but touch the curtain which trembles in our hold; and the densest mist that beclouds us is—ourselves! Things alien to us we can fancy we understand; the world that is about us we can, in our hours of musing, contemplate and admire; but the world within passeth knowledge. The mind, though itself the seat of understanding, like the eye—so Locke compares it—cannot view itself; and thus remains in ignorance of its own true nature.

MASSACRE OF BENARES.

Vizier Ali Khan; or the Massacre of Benares: a Chapter in British Indian History. Pp. 88, London, J. Murray.

Though a bygone tale of some years, this episode of Indian feeling and ferocity was well worthy of separate preservation, not only on account of its deep romantic interest and personal reference to the family of its author, Mr.

Davis, so much esteemed in Chinese literature, but also as a light upon the character of rulers and a people with whom the British nation must yet have much to do. For natures do not change; and with Afghanistan and Scinde so recently before our eyes, and futurity to be looked into with anxiety, a story like this is of a wisely warning tendency. A gilt representation of a spear upon the binding is a touching sign of the reverence with which the writer views that instrument of his father's intrepid defence; it is indeed an heirloom worthy of honour.

In this little volume we have first a retrospective sketch of the kingdom of Oude and its capital, Lucnow. Asoph ul Dowlah, in 1797, was succeeded by a spurious issue, Vizier Ali, to the exclusion of the rightful heir; and the young Nawaub turned out to be a most debauched and worthless personage. His hostility to the British, however, and the discovery of his fraudulent imposition as the son of the deceased monarch, caused him to be dethroned and sent as an exile to Benares. He was however, invested with too great a revenue, and allowed to entertain too many adherents, to continue quiet. Hence the conspiracy unfolded in these pages, and the manifold use of the spear alluded to—an exploit deserving of the name of Shakespeare, though performed on a scene resembling that of Sister Anne in the spectacle of *Bluebeard*.

Mr. Cherry, the political agent of Benares, unfortunately paid too little regard to the intimations of danger; till at length the fatal plot exploded.

"On the night of the 13th a hurricarah, or messenger, came to Mr. Cherry's house, and announced that the nawaub would visit him on the following morning, at breakfast. Early on the 14th another emissary came, and after making some inquiries, immediately returned. Some time afterwards, Vizier Ali's drum was heard; and he was seen to approach, with a train of horse and foot, consisting in all of about 200 men. In numbers this did not much exceed the retinue which he had been accustomed to move with; but a jammader of Mr. Cherry reported to his master that this party, instead of coming in their usual manner, were all armed, and with matches lighted. Mr. Cherry, in reply, told the man that it mattered not, and that he was a fool for his fears. On Vizier Ali's arrival, his host, according to custom, met and handed him in, accompanied by his friends, Waris, Ali, Izzut Ali, and another father-in-law to the last. Mr. Evans, a young private secretary, was also present. The party were attended into the breakfast-room by four followers, armed with swords, shields, and pistols. When the chief persons had taken their seats, Mr. Cherry, calling for tea, handed it to Vizier Ali, who did not touch it; but, addressing himself to his host, said that he had something of great consequence to communicate. Then raising his voice, he began to complain of the treatment he had received from Sir J. Shore, the late governor-general, who, he declared, had at first promised him six lacs of rupees per annum, but subsequently reduced it to a much smaller amount. 'On his departure,' continued Vizier Ali, 'Sir John Shore told me that you would take care of my interests and attend to my representations; but this you have never done. On the contrary, at the suggestion of Saadut Ali Khan, you now wish me to go to Calcutta; but Lord Mornington is absent—what should I do there? Saadut Ali Khan wishes for my death, and the English are in league with him. They listen to him; but neither you nor any one else attends to me. I shall therefore not proceed to Calcutta, but go where I please.' While he was speaking, Waris Ali came round from his seat, and placed himself near Mr. Cherry. This seemed to be a concerted signal; for Vizier Ali, rising from his chair, seized Mr. Cherry by the collar, while the other held him behind; and, as he exclaimed against this violence, the nawaub struck at him with his drawn sword. The conspirators now followed the example set them; and as the unfortunate resident endeavoured to escape through the verandah into the garden, they followed him in a body, and cut him down before he had gone many yards on the outside. In the mean while, Izzut Ali had seized Mr. Evans, and grasped at his dagger to stab him; but that gentleman, holding the assassin's hands, prevented his design. An attendant of the resident's now came up, and made a cut at Izzut Ali, which he received on his arm, and let go his hold of Mr. Evans, who fled into an adjoining field. There, however, he was seen by some horsemen, who, firing two or three shots, brought him to the ground, upon which some others of the conspirators ran up and despatched him. Captain Conway, an officer who was living with Mr. Cherry, happened at this moment to ride up to the house, attended by an orderly, and he also was killed by the armed body. Mr. Davis, whose house was not much more than a quarter of a mile distant, in returning from his morning ride on an elephant, had passed Vizier Ali and his whole train, as they were proceeding towards Mr. Cherry's house; but their business was not with him yet—he providentially escaped, to be the instrument of saving many others. To him the train did not appear more numerous, nor in any respect different from what he had often observed of them, except that they moved in rather closer order than usual. On reaching home, however, he found the cutwal, or head of the police, who stated that he had ascertained the fact of Vizier Ali having sent emissaries into the neighbouring districts to summon armed men, and that some mischief might be apprehended from his present visit to Mr. Cherry. Mr. Davis immediately despatched a hasty note to Mr. Cherry, and, being anxious for the return of his messenger, kept a look out in that direction; when presently he observed Vizier Ali and his train returning with much more haste than usual; and that some of the horse, instead of keeping the road, crossed into his grounds, and began firing at a sentry stationed about fifty yards from the house, whom they shot down. There was now no time to lose. Mrs. Davis was told to repair, with her two children and their attendants, to the terrace on the top of the house, while he himself ran for his firearms, which were below; but observing, on his way down, that an armed horseman was already in the doorway, he bethought him of a pike, or spear, which he had upstairs, and of the narrow staircase leading to the roof, which he considered defensible with such a weapon. The pike was one of those used by running footmen in India. It was of iron, plated with silver, in rings, to give a firmer grasp, rather more than six feet in length, and had a long triangular blade of more than twenty inches, with sharp edges. Finding, when on the terrace, that the lowness of the parapet-wall exposed them all to view, and that they were fired at by the insurgents from below, Mrs. Davis was directed, with her two female servants and the children, to sit down near the centre of the terrace; while Mr. Davis took his station on one knee at the trapdoor of the stair, waiting for the expected attack. The perpendicular height of the stair was considerable, winding round a central stem. It was of a peculiar construction, supported by four wooden posts, open on all sides, and so narrow as to allow only a single armed man to ascend at a time. It opened at once to the terrace, exactly like a hatchway on board ship, having a light cover of painted canvass stretched on a wooden frame. This opening he allowed to remain uncovered, that he might see what approached from below. In a few minutes, hearing an assailant coming up, he prepared to receive him. When full in view, and within reach, with his sword drawn, the ruffian stopped, seeing Mr. Davis on his guard, and addressed him abusively. The only reply

was—'The troops are coming from camp; and at the same time a lunge with the pike, which wounded him in the arm. The enemy disappeared, and Mr. Davis resumed his former position, when presently he observed the room below filled with Vizier Ali's people, and heard some of them coming up the stairs. At the first who appeared he again drove his spear, which the assailant avoided by warily withdrawing his person; but Mr. Davis, being by the action fully exposed to view from below, was fired at by the assassins. The spear, by striking the wall, gave the assailant on the stairs an opportunity of seizing the blade-end with both his hands; but the blade being triangular, with sharp edges, Mr. Davis freed it in an instant, by dropping the iron shaft on the edge of the hatchway, and applying his whole weight to the extremity, as to a lever. The force with which it was jerked out of the enemy's gripe cut his hands very severely, as was subsequently observed from their bloody prints being left on the breakfast table-cloth below, where he had stationed them. There was blood likewise on the stairs, and some dropped about the floors of the rooms. Though the present assailant disappeared like his predecessor, the repeated firing from below was discouraging, and Mr. Davis now thought it necessary to draw the hatch on, leaving such an opening at the edge as still admitted of his observing what was going on below. He saw them for some time looking inquisitively up, but not altogether liking the reception that there awaited them, one of the number went out to the verandah of the room, to see if they could get at Mr. Davis from the outside, while no further attempt was made on the staircase. They presently withdrew in a body from the room, and were heard breaking the furniture and glass wall-shades. To this a silence and dreadful suspense succeeded; for though Mr. Davis could not quit his post for a moment to look out, the two women assured him the insurgents still surrounded the house, and it was a natural suggestion that they might be preparing the means of ascent on the outside. At length one of the women venturing to look over the parapet-wall, was shot through the arm by one of many who appeared like a guard stationed to prevent escape. They could now only remain where they were, casting anxious looks for the cavalry from General Erskine's camp, which, though Mr. Davis doubted not it would hasten to his relief, he knew could not arrive for some time, not more than an hour having yet elapsed since the attack began. He maintained, however, that they must be at hand, for the sake of encouraging those whom he had to protect. In about half an hour from this time, he again heard the noise of many persons ascending the stair in haste, and when by the sound they seemed near the top, he suddenly threw aside the cover, and was on the point of driving the spear into the head of the foremost, when most fortunately he recognised the white beard and withered face of an old native servant. The poor fellow, thinking himself endangered by this unexpected reception, roared out who he was, and that he had saved the piece of plate which he held up towards Mr. Davis, adding that Vizier Ali's force had all retired. Others behind in like manner held up different articles they had brought with them, to confirm his assertion; but Mr. Davis still hesitated for a moment to let them come up, for fear of treachery, not knowing but that they might have been tempted to save their own lives by consenting to be the means of putting him off his guard. Presently, however, seeing the native officer of his police, and some sepoy, with their muskets, enter the room, whose presence with their arms was alone sufficient to convince him that the enemy had retired, Mr. Davis gladly admitted this reinforcement to his post; and at length finding, on a muster, that he had fifteen men, with their firelocks, bayonets, and fifteen rounds each, besides the cutwal with some of his police, he considered the danger as over.

And so it was; General Erskine's force soon appeared, and Vizier Ali and his companions fled. Many years afterwards, he died a prisoner at Vellore.

MARIANNE ESTERLING.

FROM "REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT."

The first scene of our story is laid in a chamber in a large old house in the quietest street of an ancient, populous, and wealthy city. This street has a singularly retired, even deserted look. The pavement is unmarked by footsteps, and looks clean and bleached—unsoiled since the last rain. About the curbstones spring up tufts of long grass of a vivid green, which also rise abundantly from between the white-rounded blocks of the causeway. One end opens through an iron railing by a wide gate, usually kept unlocked, upon the large public park, whilst the other is shut out by a similar fence and gate, with a porter's lodge attached, from a crowded and busy thoroughfare, one of the chief streets of the city.

The houses are all large, heavy, sombre, old-fashioned edifices, with gardens in the rear. They were formerly inhabited by the chief merchants and professional men, but these have migrated now to quite the other end of the town. Their tenants have become the two and three hundred a-year people—retired tradesmen, merchants who have failed, and live on the wreck of their fortunes, ministers of limited dissenting congregations, and the like, and many professional lodging-house keepers, who make a comfortable business, as the peaceful secluded aspect of the place, with the fresh breezes from the park, and the country beyond, as well as its immediate vicinity to the principal marts of traffic, render it a desirable residence for the numerous unsettled individuals who abound in a mercantile community.

The principal chamber in one of these houses—that nearest the park, is our immediate scene. It is a large and lofty-ceiled apartment, with heavy cornices, and elaborate ornamental plaster-work. The wall on one whole side is taken up by book-shelves, from as high as the arm can reach down to the floor, crowded with volumes, nearly all of them in richly gilded bindings of deep green, dark red, or purple leather. A second side is hung with pictures, one a plate of Lawrence's portrait of John Kemble in the character of *Hamlet*, another of Mrs. Siddons as *Lady Macbeth*, the third, a full-length portrait of Lord Byron. Beneath, there runs a line of small drawings of scenery, minutely and very beautifully executed in colours. The opposite wall presents a large fireplace of massive black marble. A heavily-cut fender protects the rug, but in place of grate you observe a curious arrangement of bricks, and plates, and bars of iron; this is a small chemical furnace, constructed under the direction of the tenant of the place. On the mantel-shelf stand a number of specimens of minerals, a small brass model of a marine steam-engine, and a globular crystal cover, containing some rare and beautiful preserved birds—tiny things, of lustrous and many-tinted plumage—the treasures of the African and American woods. The carpet which has a yielding feel to the feet, as if there were another beneath it, is littered with books of an equal richness of exterior with those in the shelves, along with newspapers, numbers of works in the course of publication, and of scientific and literary periodicals, among which the vivid colours of dear old blue and yellow are conspicuous. Large sheets of paper, probably maps or plans, lie here and there among them, rolled up and bound with silken tape. A pair of globes stand hard by, and in a corner a large cy

lindrical electric machine. One or two busts are placed about the room, and on a small table between the two windows, stands a beautiful bronze figure of Niobe and her child, with a silver-keyed flute of ebony beside it, and a champagne-glass, containing in water a few pretty little early wild flowers, the produce of last evening's botanizing ramble.

There are two tables—one close to a window; on it are some drawing materials of the costliest description, and a large portfolio of brown morocco, profusely gilded, and ornamented with pieces of leather of the brightest colours, inlaid into the dark boards. Another table is drawn close to the sparkling fire. It bears a number of books huddled together, to support in a sloping position two large folios open. One is a huge, ancient, mustily-smelling volume, with thick dark boards, and red bright edges—a Leyden edition of Plato, nearly two centuries old, and evidently from the library of the University; the other, gilt-edged and morocco-bound, is a Greek lexicon. Two smaller volumes are Xenophon's "Memorabilia Nephelae." Close to these is placed a writing-stand of some rare purple wood inlaid with gold, and in a watch-stand of similar materials beside it, lies a valuable repeater, with a thick heavy black ribbon attached. Various scientific utensils meet the eye everywhere around. Here lies an electric discharger, with a handle of agate; there a number of retorts and Berlin basins, and tubes; yonder you see a microscope, and near it a delicate pair of scales under a glass case. A superb library-chair of dark mahogany, with a deep-red leather covering, cushioned, and contrived by metallic springs and pivots, to meet and yield to every motion of the frame, stands between the table and fire-place, and in it is seated the inhabitant of this curiously furnished apartment.

He is a young man, about nineteen years of age, very slight, and wearing a peculiarity of aspect, like that produced by dissipation, but in him arising from causes very widely different. His features are not at all regular, would rather appear positively harsh and disagreeable, were it not for the dreamy expression of vivid but fitful fancy, of careless intelligence, aimless talent, that animates them. Indeed, they do appear forbidding to a mere common-place observer, and the knowledge of this was one of the great causes that induced upon Mr. Basil May, the individual in question, his remarkable points of character. His slipped feet rest on a footstool by the fender; a waistcoat and trousers of plain black cloth, form his attire; and his coat—for he has got into a habit of throwing it off to study—is laid upon a sofa; while a fine young cat, of a light gray colour, striped with black like a small tiger, and wearing a leather collar, gilded uniformly with the binding of the volumes that meet the eye everywhere around, nestles in its folds, purring away in drowsy satisfaction.

The heavy curtains are pinned back altogether from the windows, to allow free ingress to every ray of light, for the sight of the occupant has been somewhat dulled by years of constant study—constant, because pursued for no other result than the mere delight it yields. He sits motionless for a while, and then a curious yet pleasing smile flits over his wan, absent-looking face. He has this morning been occupied with contemplating the character of Socrates, as portrayed by Plato and Xenophon, his disciples, and the vivid contrast as hit off by the caustic pencil of the great comic poet and satirist. He was led to this investigation yesterday, having commenced translating into English verse, one of those beautiful lyric effusions, with which, as chorusses, Aristophanes delights to vary the fun and ribaldry of his scenes. He is at a loss which to give implicit credence to, and has just come to the conclusion that the comic author could hardly have ventured to present the philosophers in such colours in an Athenian theatre, if he had not some foundation, and that too with which most of his audience were acquainted. The thought that even Homer sometimes sleeps, and even Socrates sometimes plays the fool, occasioned the smile upon his face.

Whilst he is thus entertained, we shall take the opportunity to lay open a little of his history. His father was a dissenting clergyman in one of the great manufacturing towns in the north of England. From the fact of many wealthy traders being among his flock, as well as from a small fortune he had acquired with his wife, he was enabled to live in comfort and elegance, and even to cultivate the expensive tastes of educated leisure. His wife was taken from him within a year or two after the birth of an only son, and to him, who was always of delicate health, he devoted the whole of his affection, making his instruction the complete occupation of those hours not immediately demanded by his duties as a pastor.

As the boy grew up, he gave continual evidence of a most sensitive temperament—a singularly strong respect and love for his father, to whom he seemed more of a companion and friend than of a child—a vivid sense of honour—an aptitude to form attachments to peculiar places—an admiration of poetry and music—a love of flowers, and a tendency to make pets of all sorts of objects—singing-birds, cats, dogs, mice, even of particular volumes. He was of precocious talent—at least from the conversation of his father, and from the books of which he was continually occupied in the perusal, he was so far in advance of boys of his own age that he could find no pleasure in associating with them. No more did he like the conversation of grown-up men, the mere gentlemen of ordinary life; for all his ideas were so different from theirs, and his book-knowledge so much fresher; moreover, the sneaking dislike which an ignorant man advanced in life feels and shows to a well-informed child, was so disagreeable to him, that when not with his father he chose solitary reading and solitary rambling in preference to any society. He was never put to school. His father taught him every thing he did not acquire of himself, for he loved the boy so much as to be unable to live without his company, and trembled at the demoralization, the hardening, the prostration, of all the affections, which are the effect of a large public school on the youthful mind.

The result of all this may be inferred. Basil grew up a delicate, reserved, eccentric youth, who did not by any graces of person compensate for the awkwardness of his manners; avoided by society as much as he avoided it, ridiculed by the foolish, and all but pitied by the merely compassionate.

When he had reached his sixteenth year, his father fell sick and died, leaving him a permanent income of £500 a-year, along with a large sum of money uninvested. Although he was a minor, the testator had perfect confidence, as much in his sense to prevent his being duped by others, as in his morality and religion to prevent his duping himself, and took measures to ensure to him the unrestricted command of this property.

The death of his father was an event that made a deep and vivid impression upon him. He mourned not more the bereavement of an affectionate, devoted, and dearly-beloved parent, than the loss of a talented, a constant, and confidential friend, and the effect told woefully upon his health. The fact, however, of his being able to shift for himself brought him more in contact with the world than hitherto, although still retirement was his choice. But as all his ideas of employment or pleasure were connected with the acquirement of knowledge, he found the only solace he knew of in study, and in the companionship of his books; giving the time spared from them to wandering from place to place

alone, swiftly, or lingeringly, as his whim suggested, viewing spots which derived their charm to him from literary or historical associations, such as the birthplace of Shakspeare, Stonehenge, Runnymede, Newstead Abbey, or the like.

When about seventeen, he bethought him of entering some university, not with any view to academical honours, or even to the acquirement of a profession, for he had no ambition of any kind, and his income was abundantly sufficient at once to cover all his wants, and to leave ample overplus for charity, which he practised in ways as quiet and unobtrusive, as original and eccentric as all his other habits and pursuits. Moreover, he saw it was of such a nature as to be permanently adequate to all his limited desires.

He never thought of study as a labour, or the way to knowledge as an up-hill path, and any thing that seemed to threaten such a change in idea, he would avoid as likely to convert into a pain the greatest and only perfect delight he was cognisant of. The idea of a mental effort, of tasking the intellect, of compelling the thoughts to any subject that did not yield them present pleasure was abhorrent to him. Every pursuit that can delight the mind, he followed without rule, or method, or caring whether in it he was thoroughly successful, or moderately, or only a little. The moment it ceased to gratify he dismissed it. Painting, poetry, music, sculpture, languages, philosophy, sciences, the drama, history, to each did he more or less devote himself, according to the pleasure it yielded. He was, to sum up his character, an intellectual epicure.

But on thinking over such a proceeding as studying at a university, he reflected that according to the law of England a few peculiarities in his mode of practising the worship of our common religion prevented him from learning logic, mathematics, and the like at the public educational institutions of his country—that, in consequence, the only resource left him was to go over the borders to where, on a less enlightened principle, they consider learning a marketable commodity, and let any one have it who is willing to pay for it, and where, as a result to be expected from free competition in the article, it is to be had both at the cheapest rate and of the best quality.

Warmly congratulating himself on this lucky alternative, Basil bade adieu to his happy and mind-illuminated native land, and betaking himself to the benighted North, entered his name as a student at one of those tag-rag and bob-tail institutions, the Scotch universities;—nay, after a time, he was not ashamed even to give a small sum for that ridiculous distinction, a Scotch degree—a thing for which all southern scholars show a becoming contempt by tacking to their B.A., A.M., or M.D., the distinguished and sounding syllables "OXON," or "CANTAB," as much to evince the superior profundity of their acquirements and to intimate to the admiring public that they were lawfully qualified to imbibe the same by conscientiously breaking their eggs at the big end, and by other observances equally important and meritorious, as to let it be known that they rank a little higher than the mere Adam Smiths, and Watts, and Hunters, and Broughams of the North, with their simple, sneaking "L.L.D.'s." They would flatter themselves they are a step or two above that!

It may be stated that in Scotland students do not reside within the university they attend, but are at liberty to find their dinners, their rooms, or their society, when they can, how they can, and where they can, as a soldier says his prayers; food for the mind being all the nourishment the college bargains to supply. In consequence, Basil, in his wanderings about the city, having been struck with the breezy sequestered quiet of the street alluded to, resolved to establish himself here, and having had his favourite books transmitted from England, conveyed them to the house of a widow, by name Mrs. Esterling, from whom he had hired apartments.

Here he went on as before, giving all his hours to study and the pursuits of taste. The classes he attended as his fancy suggested, sometimes far overstretching the tasks there prescribed, sometimes neglecting them altogether, as a more pleasurable mental occupation happily presented itself. His abundant income he laid out on his best friends, his books, and on costly furniture and material for study, or the exercise of taste. But even these, profuse as was his expenditure upon them, left a considerable surplus, which found its way from his pocket here at the university, in a manner analogous to what had been usual about his home. Many a poor but talented student struggling to rise in life by the steep and thorny path of intellectual acquirement (and it is a comforting thing to think there is a country where learning's road from poverty to independence and distinction, however difficult and exhausting it be of itself, as God knows it is, still it is not blocked by any fence-work of man's construction!)—many a one in these circumstances, whose heart yearned for an additional class, for which his time was ample, but his funds, miserably as he stinted them, inadequate, would be surprised some day to receive in a blank envelope, authenticated papers constituting him a member of that class, nor in his joyous confusion could for a moment imagine they came from that cold, distant, bashful English lad who sat always alone, and seemed so uninterested in any thing.

He courted no society among the students, was always civil and kind when spoken to, but appeared to shun any companionship. He strove for no premiums, sought no distinction, nor did he appear to feel either admiration or envy for those leading spirits whose rival displays of talent drew forth daily encomiums from the teachers, and bursts of noisy applause from their assembled fellow-pupils. All these, as well as the factions, the cliques and intrigues, political, academical, and of other descriptions, that surrounded him, he viewed with a calm, absent indifference.

At college he remained during the winter session. In the spring, when most of the students return to their homes, to prepare themselves by solitary study for the labours of the more advanced classes of next winter, he still continued in the same quarters, his residence being varied by a month's midsummer tour in the mountainous parts of the country. Why he did not return to England, the country he had left but a few months before, and that with so many pangs of sorrow, and why he had resolved to make for some years this new residence his home, will be accounted for presently.

Let us now return to him as we left him, in the midst of his books at his solitary studies. Suddenly the sound of distant military music arrests him; he hears it with attention and surprise, never before having known the quiet of that unfrequented street so broken. It becomes louder and richer, and appears to be the notes of a fine martial air from the instruments of a numerous and well-appointed band. He pauses to listen. A moment, and a new sound comes upon his ear, and a faint flush crosses his pale features, and a glow of delight lightens up his eye. That sound has more music to his heart than the softest cadences or proudest bursts of melody the band could accomplish. It is the fall of a light, quick footstep in the passage, and a low, eager knock at the door of his study. Giving a half-regretful look at Plato and his hard-named companions on the table, he rises, draws on his coat, and opens the door, when in bounds a most graceful girl, her pretty face all animation.

"My good Mr. May," she exclaims, "do let me look out at your window, here are the soldiers coming down our street to the park, to review—how they

got through the gates I don't know, but here they are. Oh how sweet is that music! it makes one feel quite brave and daring!"

Before she had time to say this she had drawn down one of the curtains, and stands half behind it, looking out upon the glittering display that is approaching. May takes his place beside her—a little back from the glass, regarding the spectacle with the same look that is habitual to him, of caring for none of these things, all that interests him, besides the beautiful girl near him, being the music, which, however, he could hear as well in his chair.

"How fine and manly they look—how happy they must be all in their bright red clothes and glancing accoutrements!"

"Yes, Miss Esterling, and the drum-major must be the happiest; he is the finest-looking and gaudiest, you see."

"Ah, you always talk so against every thing that is not in books."

A long pause.

"But does not the band sound sweetly now far away down among the trees?"

"Yes, it is indeed beautiful, very beautiful!"

"Hark, how touching and sad. I could almost cry now."

"Pooh, nonsense, Miss Esterling!"

A lively smile drives the pensive expression from her face like a light, cloud-shadow, from a summer field, as turning from the window she looks around her.

"Well, Mr. May, you are a strange creature. You have no taste. How careless you are: how you do toss all your pretty books about, and yet are so fond of them. Why don't you put them away and all these other things properly and carefully?"

"The reason is simply this. The pleasure I could feel in putting them all in order is great, but is not equal to that which in the same space of time I could derive from reading, drawing, or other pursuits. So whenever my table gets cluttered I put the books out of the way, any where that is readiest at the time. Besides, I think as there is no one to trample over them, they repose as well and look as well on the chairs or carpet as they would in the cases."

"Oh, you know I can't argue with you. It is no longer ago than yesterday I sent Muna into the room when you were out, to put your things to rights, and she made every thing quite tidy."

"And only spoil a process of chemical analysis, lost the marks out of half my books, and tumbled all my papers together. Ah, I see how it is; you are all in a conspiracy against me. But I'll pay you off. I'll get that machine there into action, and arrange the wires so that the moment the girl puts her foot inside the door, off she goes into fits."

"For pity's sake, Mr. May, don't dream of such a thing; poor Jemima is already persuaded that you are 'no canny.' But tell me all about this great book. What are these strange cramped figures—Hebrew?"

"No, this is Greek—this is Plato—you have heard the name?"

"Oh, yes—Platonic—love. Is that what it is about?"

"Yes, there is all about it over here, in a treatise which he calls 'the Symposium, or Banquet.'"

"Well, shut up your books now. I want you to come and walk with me down in the park, to look at the river."

"But what has that to do with Platonic love?"

"Nothing; but Mr. Houldsworth, the other lodger, wanted to drive me round in his gig."

Basil's eyes dropped to the ground as she mentioned the name, and his pale features grew darkly paler. After a moment "Well, Miss Esterling," said he, "I think riding is the best plan, and I will stay at home and finish the group of flowers for you before the originals become faded."

"Oh, I can finish the picture myself at any time. But you will come with me now. It is to be a very grand review—such a display Mr. Houldsworth says."

He remained without a word, looking to the floor as if in a trance. After a pause, during which her lovely blue eyes were bent upon him with an expression of archness, kindness, and a little anxiety, she laid her small, fair hand lightly on his arm, as if to call back his attention, and continued,

"You are looking very pale and unwell to day; come and have a ramble over the park with me; these books will ruin your health. It is a beautiful warm day, and the sun shines so brightly; we'll have a walk over the fresh grass by the river. I do love to walk with you, Mr. May; you know so much and can tell me about so many things. You will be quite in spirits, every thing is so sunny and gay."

With a slight involuntary sigh, recalling his thoughts, he answers in acquiescence. "I shan't detain you five minutes," she says, as she hurries away to dress. Basil, too, calls his footboy, and retires to draw on his shoes and gaiters, and get his hat, gloves, and cane.

When he enters the room again he sees her shawled, bonneted, and gloved, standing turning over the leaves of that old mystic volume, as lovely a creature as ever by the light of her presence cheered the loneliness of a student's chamber.

A joyous day that must have been to these two youthful beings, each loving the other with a jealous though unavowed fondness—both lonely—little mingling with the world—with minds delicately sensible—emotions that thrilled even to a passing thought. Joyous it must have been indeed, as they wandered together at the bright noon of a day in spring, through the glades of that extensive park, without one near to mar their enjoyment of their own earnestly sought society. Every tree appeared fresh, green and young, like themselves; the river by which they chose their path was clear as crystal, and the fawn seemed to leap from its bosom for very joy; the grass and wild daisies shed a faint perfume that was caught up by the light airs from the west, and wafted to their senses along with the distant hum of business from the crowded city, or the softened music of the soldiers, whose moving files, lessened by distance, could be seen bright and glancing far away beneath the trees.

(To be Continued.)

SCENES AND TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

With Recollections of Natural History. By E. Jesse, Esq., Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks, Palaces, &c. With Woodcuts. Pp. 395. Lond., J. Murray.

Mr. Jesse is the sincere friend of animated life. He clears many an animal from unjust suspicions and the attributes of vulgar error; and he takes part with the accused with convincing truth, shewing that many which are destroyed as injurious, are, in fact, the benefactors of the agricultural interest. Thus rooks, moles, weasles, toads, hedgehogs, owls, magpies, jays, hawks, worms, &c. &c. are rescued from persecution, and recommended to deserved protection.

There is a very curious account of a jacob's nest in a bell-tower (which furnishes the frontispiece), but we can only refer to it as a remarkable example of animal sagacity in architecture; and go to some notice of the long famed druidical mistletoe, which the author decides to grow upon the oak, from a single specimen brought to him from near Godalming, in Surrey, and other two near-say instances. Our readers may not be aware that this union has been much disputed. It has never been known to grow on any tree in Ireland. From trees we come to their inhabitants, birds, and an interesting tale:

"A gentleman of my acquaintance had an American mocking-bird, in such health and vigour, that it was either constantly singing, or else imitating the various sounds it heard. In order to try the powers of this bird, its owner purchased a fine sky-lark. When placed in the same room with the mocking-bird, the song of the former was heard to echo through the house, as if it were chanting on 'fluttering wing' its well-known welcome to the rising sun. The mocking-bird was silent for some time, but at last burst forth in the strains of the 'aerial songster,' but louder and clearer as if mounting and stretching its wings towards heaven. The lark was silent from that moment, nor was a joyous note ever heard from it afterwards. Wishing to test the powers of the mocking-bird still further, an unusually large price was given for a blackbird, celebrated for its vocal powers. It was placed in the same room with the mocking-bird; early on the second morning its song was resumed, and its charming notes were warbled forth with all the sweetness and modulations which may be heard in its native 'thorny brakes.' The mocking-bird listened, and was silent for some time, then all at once the blackbird's notes were heard to issue forth, but sweeter and louder than those of the woodland songster. The poor blackbird heard them, felt that it was conquered, remained silent, drooped, pined, and died."

Many a one has been mocked to death; but human mortification in general is not quite so susceptible as that of the beaten blackbird. Does it not resemble the bringing lather of some great foreign singer, some primo tenore, or prima donna, and setting them to ousting all our native warblers, till they droop and die in obscurity; whilst the cherished mocking-bird fills our ears and feathers its nest, and then, like a bird of passage, as the winter approaches, takes its flight to luxuriate in warmer climes, and hardly greets us with a parting note? But to our next story, which, though a very singular one, we hope readers may *avail*, as it comes to Mr. Jesse from a clergyman:

"Five or six years ago, (he writes,) three swallows fell down one of the chimneys of my house. Their naked and helpless condition having excited the pity of my family, it was determined to endeavour to rear them. I therefore became their foster-parent: for rainy days they were fed with egg, and in sunny weather with various species of flies. I found it, however, a very difficult task to supply them with a sufficient number. I could only do so by sweeping the heads of umbelliferous plants with my fly-net. All the swallow tribe continue in their nests a very long time before they take their first flight; but I was anxious that my proteges should exercise their wings as soon as possible, and thus prepare themselves for emigration. I therefore threw them into the air as soon as I could do so prudently. At first they appeared much alarmed, and clung to the nearest object they could fasten upon; but, in a few days, they not only flew about, but caught their food expertly. Some time, however, elapsed, before they could satisfy the cravings of appetite through their own exertions. This occasioned them frequently to appeal to me for assistance in a manner too intelligible to be mistaken. They would utter a plaintive cry in flying around me, and sometimes settle upon me. On these occasions I usually went to those places where the *insula dysenterica* (astors) abounded, from the flowers of which I easily captured various species of *symples* in the hollow of my hand. It was truly amusing to observe the eagerness with which the movement of my hand was watched, and with what voracity the produce of my efforts were devoured. As soon as my birds could fly, an open basket, having a perch across it, was set apart for their use; here they rested by day and roosted at night. It was placed in the open air in the morning, and removed at night into the house. It often happened that my little charge had enjoyed two or three hours' disporting before I was prepared to walk. I was, however, recognised and greeted as soon as I appeared; and whether I pursued the course of the roads, or rambled into the fields, they generally encircled me in their flight, sometimes resting upon me, or accepting a fly from my fingers. These amusive proceedings continued four or five weeks; but after that period, according to my wish, our intercourse diminished daily. They associated more and more with their congeners, who were collecting together as is usual at this period of the year, and were absent more frequently and for longer intervals; but, whenever or wherever they again appeared, they seldom failed to come to me when I summoned them by my call. Having disappeared for two or three days, I considered that our connexion was altogether dissolved; but as I was walking to an adjoining village, one of the birds gave me his wonted salutation in passing, and, on my invitation, perched on one of my fingers. In this position I conveyed it to the village-green, and there, in the presence of several persons, cast it into the air, with some exclamation expressive of my wish for its welfare."

Many new anecdotes of dogs and cats are related—not one, we think, better than a fact which occurred lately in a narrow street out of Regent Street, where as two quarrelsome dogs were worrying each other in the kennel opposite a grocer's shop-door, the cat flew out upon them like a tigress, and, tooth and nail, separated the noisy combatants, and sent them howling home. Her kittens were in a basket behind the counter.

A very curious history, from Mr. Gould and Mr. Gilbert, is given of the nests of the jungle-fowl of Australia; and one yet more remarkable of the bower-birds, which construct arbours, adorned with shells, &c., like a lady's boudoir, for pastime and dalliance. They seem to be the most coquetish of feathered creatures.

"The spotted bower bird (we learn) is peculiarly interesting, as being the constructor of a bower, even more extraordinary than the one just noticed, and in which the decorative propensity is carried to a far greater extent. It is exclusively an inhabitant of the interior of the country, as the satin bower-bird is of the brushes between the mountain range and the coast. It has a disposition of extreme shyness, and therefore is seldom seen by ordinary travellers."

"In many of its actions, and in the greater part of its economy, much similarity exists between this species and the satin bower-bird; particularly in the curious habit of constructing an artificial bower or play-ground. The situations of these runs or bowers are much varied. They were found both on the plains studded with the *acacia pendula* and other small trees, and in the brushes clothing the lower hills. They are considerably longer and more avenue-like than those of the satin bower-bird. They are outwardly built of twigs, and beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that their heads nearly meet. The

decorations are very profuse; and consist of bivalve shells, crania of small mammalia, and other bones. Evident and beautiful indications of design are manifest throughout the whole of the bower and its decorations formed by this species; particularly in the manner in which the stones are placed within the bower, apparently to keep the grasses, with which it is lined, firmly fixed in their places. These stones diverge from the mouth of the run on each side, so as to form little paths, while the immense collection of decorative materials are placed in a heap before the entrance of the avenue; this arrangement being the same at both ends. In some instances, small bowers, composed almost entirely of grasses, apparently the commencement of a new place of rendezvous were observable. These structures were at a considerable distance from rivers from the borders of which the birds could alone have procured the shells and small round pebbly stones. Their collection and transportation must, therefore, have been a task of great labour and difficulty. As these birds feed almost entirely upon seeds and fruit, the shells and bones cannot have been collected for any other purpose than ornament; besides, it is only those that have been bleached perfectly white by the sun, or such as have been roasted by the natives, and by this means whitened, that attract their attention. Mr. Gould clearly ascertained that these runs formed the rendezvous of many individuals."

Of the fine sense of smell in various creatures curious instances are told. The Earl of Derby presented a buffalo to the Zoological gardens, which arrived in the evening in a covered van;—"When the van was at a considerable distance from a yard in which another buffalo was confined, they both evinced much restlessness, so that it was evident to the different attendants that they were aware of the proximity of each other. The buffalo in the gardens was so eager to get out of his enclosure, that it was thought prudent to tie the gate more securely, and this was done with a rope taken accidentally from the newly arrived van. On its being attached to the gate, the buffalo shewed the greatest pleasure licking it constantly, and remained by the whole of the night. The one in the van was equally eager to join the other, thus proving that scent alone made them aware of the approach of one of their species.—Badgers, those solitary and persecuted animals, are enabled probably to find each other by scent alone, as I have never yet heard them utter any sound, neither have I been able to find out, by inquiring of poachers, or other persons in the habit of taking them, that any cry or call has been heard." Apropos of sounds:—"The tench (says Mr. J.) is the only fresh-water fish which I have ever heard produce a sound. It is said to be made through its bronchial opercula. The sound is so distressing to hear, that I have quitted my hold of a tench when taking a hook out of its mouth, from its unpleasantness, and the surprise it occasioned me."

We reserve two or three columns for our next No.

Miscellaneous Articles.

CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.

This, like all other cities in Spanish America, is built upon the uniform plan (prescribed by the council of the Indies) of straight streets, intersecting each other at right angles every 150 yards; and, from the peculiar construction of the houses, covers at least twice the ground required for any European city of the same population. In form the city has been aptly compared to a chess-board,—the relative proportions being, as nearly as possible, four English acres to one square. With the exception of the churches, there is nothing remarkable in the style of public buildings. Of late years a striking change, however, has taken place in the style of building. With the influx of strangers, value of property, especially in the more central part of the city, has been greatly enhanced, and has led the natives to economise their ground, by constructing upper stories to their houses in the European fashion. Thanks to the English and French upholsterers, the old white-washed walls have been covered with paper in all the varieties from Paris, and European furniture of every sort is to be met with in every house. English grates, supplied with coals carried out from Liverpool as ballast, and often sold at lower prices than in London, have been brought into very general use, and certainly have contributed to the health and comfort of a city, the atmosphere of which is, nine days out of ten, affected by the damps from the river. The iron railings which protect the windows, when painted green, are rather ornamented than otherwise, particularly when hung, as they frequently are, with festoons of the beautiful air-plants of Paraguay, which there live and blossom even on cold iron. In the hot nights of summer, it is a comfort to leave the windows open without risk of intrusion; though instances have occurred of clever thieves running off with the clothes of the sleeping inmates, hushed through the gratings by means of the long canes of the country, with a hook at the end of it. In one case a gentleman's watch was thus hooked out of his pocket at his bed's head, and he was just roused by his frightened wife in time to catch a last glimpse of the chain and seals as they seemingly danced out of the window. Water is dear, even within a stone's throw of the Plata, the largest river in the world. Taken at the very edge, it requires to stand twenty-four hours before it deposits its muddy sediment; and it is then excellent, and may be kept for any time; being pure even after two voyages to Europe. The principal streets are tolerably paved with granite, obtained 20 or 30 miles off; but the others are almost impassable miry sloughs after continued wet weather. The climate is governed not so much by its latitude as by the wind, a change of which will continually produce an alteration of from 20 to 30 degrees in the thermometer. During the greater part of the year, the winds are northerly, which, passing over marshy lands and the wide expanse of the Plata, imbibe their exhalations, and, by the time they reach the southern shores of the river, have a great influence upon the climate. Every thing is damp; the mould stands upon the boots cleaned but yesterday; books become mildewed, and the keys rust in one's pocket. Upon the bodily system the effect produced by this prevailing humidity is a general lassitude and relaxation; opening the pores of the skin, and inducing great liability to colds, sore throats, rheumatic affection, and all the consequences of checked perspiration; one of the best safeguards against which is the woollen clothing of the natives. The irritability and ill humour this north wind excites in some people, amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is common to see men of the better classes shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst, amongst the lower orders, it is a fact well known to the police, that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are infinitely more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. Europeans are not in general so liable to be affected by this wind as the natives, amongst whom the women appear to be the greatest sufferers, especially from the headaches it occasions. Numbers of them may be seen at times in the streets, walking about with large split beans stuck upon their temples: a sure sign which way the wind blows. The bean, which is applied raw, acts as a slight blister, and counter-acts the relaxation caused by the state of the atmosphere.

Personal discomfort is increased by other effects of this wind. The meat turns putrid, the milk curdles, and even the bread which is baked while it lasts, is frequently bad. When these sufferings are at their climax, the mercury will give the sure indication of a coming *pampero*, as the south-wester is called; on a sudden, a rustling breeze breaks through the stillness of the stagnant atmosphere, and in a few seconds sweeps away the *incubus* and all else before it. Not unfrequently it is accompanied by clouds of dust, so dense as to produce total darkness. In these dust-storms, day is changed into night, perhaps for a quarter of an hour; very frequently they are laid by a heavy fall of rain, which, mingling with the dust, forms literally a shower of mud. But the atmosphere is thus effectually cleared.

Abridged from Sir Woodbine Parish's Buenos Ayres.

THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

Bernadotte was one who never forgot the place of his nativity, nor suffered an opportunity to escape of rendering service to his countrymen. After the disastrous Russian campaign, when Bernadotte, then the Prince Royal of Sweden, commanded the Swedish contingent, a French officer of Engineers—now a Deputy for the departments of the Basses Pyrenees—was made prisoner, and conveyed into Russia with the sole prospect before him of inevitable death amid the ice and snows of the north. He happened to discover that his escort was passing near the headquarters of the Prince Royal of Sweden, and, claiming to be his countryman, he assumed a name which he felt assured was known to the Prince, before whom he was immediately summoned. "I entreat the pardon of your Royal Highness," said the officer, "for borrowing a name that does not belong to me: mine is probably unknown to you, and I feared I should not obtain the honour of being presented to you." "You were wrong to do so," replied the Prince, with severity, "are you not a Bearnaise? That title would have been sufficient. You have not done well." Then suffering a benevolent smile to escape him, he addressed the prisoner in the Bearnaise dialect—"You are in want. How much money do you require? I will take care of you. Have you any news from our country? What is doing there?" Having received satisfactory answers to all his questions, the Prince immediately ordered the young officer to be set at liberty. He admitted him to his table, and after loading him with kindnesses, he caused him to be sent back to Paris in one of his own carriages, to tell his countrymen that Bernadotte, though no longer a French subject, was, in his affection for her sons, a Frenchman still.

The King of Sweden continued to the last to give proofs of his affection for Pau, his native city. A few years since, he received a Bearnaise deputation in Stockholm, and the result was, the bestowal of numerous charities in Pau, besides public endowments and private pensions. One of the late acts of his munificence was a subscription of 500 francs towards the monument of Despoirins, the celebrated Bearnaise poet. One instance of his generosity is rather amusing. At Gan, a small town not far from Pau, lives an old woman, eighty years of age, whom Bernadotte had known when young, as the prettiest girl of the district. He was told that she was still alive, and he immediately settled on her a pension for life. When the old woman heard the news she exclaimed—"Lou praubin ne m'a donc pas oubliade; si ere acquieu, queu heri dous poutons coum antescops." ("The pretty fellow has not forgotten me") then; if he were here, I would give him two kisses, as I used to do formerly."

AMPUTATION PERFORMED DURING MESMERIC SLEEP.

The *Wolverhampton Chronicle* contains the following extraordinary statement, for the accuracy of which it vouches:—"John Marriot, aged forty-five, residing in Can-lane, Sedgley, received an extensive injury of the middle finger in January last, and became a patient of Messrs. Thompson and Dunn. It has since been treated by those gentlemen in the usual manner, but the nature of the injury rendered amputation necessary. With a view to test mesmeric sleep, Marriot consented to the proposal to place himself under the treatment of Dr. Owens, and on Sunday week, for the first time, he was mesmerised. The patient was afterwards daily mesmerised, and the case created intense interest in the public mind, more particularly among medical men, who attended in numbers every day to mark Dr. Owens' progress. On Saturday the operation was performed, and Mr. Dunn's room was thronged with medical and other gentlemen, to witness the event. The patient, on being brought into the room, appeared rather flushed, but Dr. Owens addressed him in a lively and friendly manner, and he took his seat evidently quite composed. In two minutes and a half deep sleep was produced, but the doctor kept his position some time longer. Dr. Mannix then felt the patient's pulse, which beat one hundred per minute. Some questions were put to him while in this state by Dr. Owens, and language being excited, he said he felt very comfortable. "Proceed with the operation," said the doctor; and in one minute Mr. Dunn had performed it very neatly. The cutting the flaps and the dividing of the bone by the nippers was watched with breathless scrutiny by all present, but not a muscle quivered nor did a sigh escape, nor did any single thing occur to betray the slightest sensation. During the dressing of the arm the hand was suspended over the table in a cataleptic state, without any further support. Two minutes after the operation Dr. Mannix felt the man's pulse—it was still 100. Dr. Owens then excited laughter, and the patient laughed happily, evidently quite unconscious of the relief he had undergone. Some time elapsed, during which he continued sleeping, and on being questioned in that state he was not at all aware of what had been done. Being awake (which was done instantaneously by Dr. Owens touching the organ of firmness, which seemed to act almost miraculously), and finding his arm in a sling, he ejaculated—"Thank the Lord for that." In reply to questions, he said he had not felt it. Every gentleman signed the minutes, which were noted by Mr. Gatis, during the operation, when a liberal subscription was raised for the man, and Dr. Owens was warmly congratulated.

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

William Howitt is one of six brothers. He was educated at different schools of the Friends; but, as we have frequently heard him declare, was much more indebted to a steady practice of self-instruction than to any school or teacher whatever. He early showed a predilection for poetry; and in a periodical of that day, called "Literary Recreations," a copy of some verses, "On Spring," may be found, stated to be by "William Howitt, a boy of thirteen years of age." During the time that he was not at school, he was accustomed, with his eldest brother, to stroll all over the country, shooting, coursing, and fishing, with an indefatigable zeal which would have delighted any of the Nimrods from whom he was descended. As a boy, he had been an eager birds' nester; and these after-pursuits, together with a strong poetical temperament, and a keen perception of the beauties of nature, made him familiar with all the haunts, recesses, productions, and creatures of the country. In this

manner the greatest portion of his early life was spent. After he arrived at manhood, however, those country pleasures were blended with an active study of chemistry, botany, natural and moral philosophy, and of the works of the best writers of Italy, France, and his own country. He also turned the attention of his youngest brother, now Dr. Howitt, to the study of British botany; and the doctor has since prosecuted it with more constancy and success than himself. General literature, and poetry, soon drew his attention more forcibly; and his marriage, in his twenty-eighth year, no doubt naturally contributed to strengthen this tendency. The lady of his choice was Miss Mary Botham of Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, also a member of the Society of Friends, and now familiar to the public as the delightful authoress, Mary Howitt. Soon after their marriage, they undertook a walk into Scotland, having long admired warmly the ballad poetry and traditions of that country. In this ramble, after landing at Dumbarton, they went on over mountain and moorland wherever they proposed to go, for one thousand miles, walking more than five hundred of it; Mrs. Howitt performing the journey without fatigue. They crossed Ben Lomond without a guide, and after enjoying the most magnificent spectacle of the clouds alternately shrouding and breaking away from the chaos of mountains around them, were enveloped by a dense cloud, and only able to effect their descent with great difficulty and with considerable hazard. They visited Loch Katrine, Surling, Edinburgh, and then, taking Abbotsford in their many miles round it; traversed Fifeshire; and then, taking Abbotsford in their route, walked through the more southern parts, visiting many places interesting for their historical or poetical associations, on to Gretna Green, where all the villagers turned out brimful of mirth, supposing they were come there to be married, especially as they entered the public-house where such matches are completed, and engaged the landlord to put them in the way to Carlisle. They returned by way of the English lakes, having, as they have been frequently heard to declare, enjoyed the most delightful journey imaginable. Soon after their return, they settled in Nottingham; Mr. Howitt, though actively engaged in business, still devoting his leisure hours to literary pursuits. Here they soon published another joint volume of poems, called "The Desolation of Eyan," which was received with equal favour by the public. The attention which these two volumes excited brought many applications from the editors of Annuals and Magazines; and both Mr. and Mrs. Howitt for some years contributed a great variety of articles to these publications.

The New Spirit of the Age.

THE POLKA AT PARIS.

The new dance, the Polka, which has been recently introduced, has produced quite a sensation. It is not a passing caprice, but a *rogue* which will endure for all the season, and perhaps live to see another winter. Parisian fashion seldom reaches such a degree of fanaticism. Pupils of this dance are daily and hourly increasing, and a host of professors are rising to make known its mysteries. Some prudent mothers have confined themselves to letting their daughters take their lessons at home, and from professors of their own sex; and as soon as this their decision was known the faubourgs, the Chassée d'Antin, and even the Marais, were inundated with circulars announcing the arrival of Bohemian, Polish, and Hungarian ladies come expressly to teach the polka. The devoted mammas were in raptures, and the foreigners soon had an abundant harvest of pupils. A few days since, the young Viscount de R— entered the *salon* of his aunt the Marquis de T—, just at the time when her two daughters, who had just come out of a convent, were taking lessons in the fashionable dance. "I am rejoiced to see," said the viscount to his aunt, "that you have yielded to the entreaties of my fair cousins, and permitted them to take lessons in the new dance."—"Certainly, my dear nephew, I no longer see any objection, when the lessons can be given by a lady whose distinguished manners I certainly cannot help admiring."—"Ah," replied the viscount, rather surprised. "you find her manner good to you, my dear aunt?"—"Yes, and that will cease to surprise you when I tell you that she is a Hungarian lady, of noble family, who has been compelled by adverse circumstances to resort to this profession for her support."—"Vraiment?" replied the viscount. "But *adieu*, madam," said he, addressing the Hungarian lady, "look at the timepiece, you see it is late; the house will be open, and you will be fined." On hearing this, the dance was suspended; and the lady, snatching up her shawl, hastily departed. The marquise was surprised, and demanded an explanation, when the viscount informed his astonished aunt, that the Hungarian noble lady had been so oppressed by her adverse circumstances as to have been for the last ten years fulfilling a very subordinate situation at the French opera. The young pupils of M. Leon Pillet have been reaping a golden harvest: by adding an *itz*, a *ski*, or an *off*, to their names, they have obtained as many pupils as they could attend, and thus given lessons in this foreign dance to many who would not have otherwise had recourse to their services as natives of France.

Letter in the Morning Herald.

Latest Intelligence.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg, dated March 21, says, that to check the emigration of the Jews over the frontiers, the following, sanctioned by the Emperor, had been made law:—"Jews who without legal licenses which have expired, go over the frontier, when they have before been recognised as actual Russian subjects, and as such been brought back into the empire, shall be given up to the local government authorities, who shall deal with them according to the laws relating to deserters and vagrants, even when their former places of residence and the parishes to which they belong are known. According to these laws, they shall be employed in the military service; in case they are unfit for it, be placed in what are called the penal companies, without the right of being given up to their parishes, if the latter desire it. If they are not fit for hard labour in public works, they shall be sent with their wives to settle in Siberia."

Prince Albert returned from Germany last week. At the end of the present month the Duchess of Kent proposes to pay a visit to the King of the Belgians, from whence she will proceed to Paris, and then to Germany.

The *Morning Post* states that the Queen has accepted the resignation of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. His Lordship is sixty-five years old; and he has spent forty-eight years in the diplomatic service. The rigorous climate of the Russian capital has proved too much for his health. The Hon. Mr. Bloomfield, Charge d'Affaires and First Secretary of the Embassy, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary.

Mr. Sutton, the great necromancer of the nineteenth century, is getting a splendid cabinet for the display of his unrivalled performances. He leaves here in a few days for New York. As the first person who introduced into this country the new style of illusions, his performances have been admired not less for their neatness than for their originality.

The following strange announcement appears in the *Morning Post*:—"Matrimony.—A young nobleman, with large expectations, and at present with a moderate income, wishes, through the present medium of an advertisement, to meet with a lady of fortune, who would be elevated to a high rank, and also meet with a young and kind partner for life. Letters addressed, pre-paid, to Coronet, 43, Upper Berkeley-street, Connaught-square, will meet with immediate attention."

NEW LAW APPOINTMENTS.—Sir Frederick Pollock has been made Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in the place of the late Lord Abinger; Sir William Follett is the new Attorney-General, and Mr. Thesiger is the new Solicitor-General. Sir Frederick Pollock was on Monday the 15th sworn in a Sergeant-at-Law, and having attended in the Court of Common Pleas, returned to the Lord Chancellor's room, and was sworn in as Lord Chief Baron, when he received the congratulations of his friends, who thronged the courts. It is stated that Sir William Follett's health, the state of which has been greatly exaggerated, is now almost fully restored.

SIR R. PEEL & SIR JAMES GRAHAM.—The factories bill has hitherto been in the hands of Sir James Graham, as an affair peculiarly coming within his province as home secretary. It was he who "managed" the factories bill (No. 1), and who likewise withdrew it; and it was also he who introduced the factories bill (No. 2). But now it appears, from a notice entered on the Commons' books, that Sir Robert Peel has assumed the command in this matter, and taken on himself the direction of the measure, together with the care of its future progress.—Rumours are in circulation relative to the retirement of the Home Secretary; a variety of causes are assigned; amongst others, the failure of the factory bill, and more recently, the refusal of Sir Robert Peel to confer on his colleague the Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland.

BAIN'S PRINTING TELEGRAPH.—Magnetic principles to mechanical science has given rise to a novel invention, which has been nearly two years before the public, but which in its new and improved phase is thus described:—"It is the work of a Mr. Bains, and has been introduced as an experiment on the South Western Railway. The object is to convey intelligence from one given point to another, with rapidity, and secrecy (if necessary), and accuracy, and any code of signals may be agreed upon, whether of figures, letters, or arbitrary signs. To effect this, there are two engines, one at London and the other at Wimbledon, and on the dial plate of each are the letters or numbers which are to be adopted as the signals. The two machines are connected by a single wire, and on the hand of one of these dials being stopped at any one of the letters or numbers, the same letter or number is imprinted, not only at the opposite station where the message is to be conveyed, but also on a cylinder, covered with paper, revolving by the side of the person sending the message, thus assuring him that no error has been committed. The wire is connected with a plate of zinc at one station, and a plate of copper at the other; thus, as it were, converting the whole distance between the termini into a voltaic battery. The current is continuous, and one has been in uninterrupted operation for eighteen months. The wire is embedded in asphaltum, which is said to be a good non-conductor, and effectually protects it from dampness."

IRELAND.—STATE PROSECUTIONS.—Monday being the first day of Easter Term, the vicinity of the courts of law was crowded by an expectant multitude, who were on the tiptoe of expectation to learn the sentence of the convicted conspirators in the late state trials. They were, however, disappointed. The court sat, the city and county grand juries were sworn, a few motions of no general interest were heard, and the court adjourned, without the name of O'Connell or his case being once mentioned throughout the day.

Out of Court, we learn that the Crown has served the convicted Repealers with a four-day rule, to appear for judgment, which is according to usual practice; and they, on the other hand, have served the Crown with a two-day rule of notice, to move for a new trial; this latter would expire on Wednesday, but as the Court sit in error on that day, it would not come on until Thursday; and on Friday the Attorney General would be entitled to move for judgment; but whether he will do so when there is a pending motion for a new trial, remains to be seen. The grounds on which a new trial is prayed for, are similar to the points prominently brought forward on the trial, viz., the omission of a part of the jury roll—the misnomer of Mr. John Jason Rigby—the carrying of the trial beyond Hilary Term, and what is most strongly urged, the misdirection of the learned judge in summing up the evidence.

The attendance of Mr. O'Connell and the rest of the traversers, at the Law Courts, attracted large crowds of persons, who, however, quietly dispersed on hearing that no matter of interest relating to the State Trials would come on till Thursday.

TURKEY.—Intelligence from Constantinople of the 20th March confirms the statement, that the Porte had undertaken not to punish renegades of the Mussulman faith with death.

SPAIN.—Madrid papers, of the 4th instant, represent every thing as tranquil. The *Correspondant* announces that the King of the French had conferred on S. Gonzalez Bravo the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. A similar favour had been granted to three other personages, whose names the Madrid journal refrains from publishing. A new project of law, was, however, about to be brought forward for restricting still further the liberty of the press, which had met with the unanimous approval of the Cabinet, and would be promulgated forthwith. General Roncali was making preparations at Valencia to reduce some Carlist insurgents in the Maestrazzo, who had been reinforced by fugitives from Carthage.

PORTUGAL.—Advices from Lisbon of the 3d instant do not announce the reduction of the rebel force under Count Bomfim, at Almeida; though the besiegers had opened a fire on the fort. There had been a mutiny at Coimbra; some soldiers attempting to desert to Almeida. The Cortes had refused to sanction the suspension of the Habeas Corpus and other popular rights; but Government had continued the suspension on their own responsibility.

The final arrangement of the Tahiti affair is announced: the French Government superseded the Consul of France at Tahiti, M. Moernhaut; who was to quit the island immediately after the departure of Mr. Pritchard.

The death of Lord Abinger, on Sunday April 7th, has proved one of the most striking events of the fortnight, not only from the large space which he filled in the public eye as an accomplished Judge, and, while at the bar, the most successful advocate of his day, but from the important legal movements contingent upon his decease. The late Chief Baron was great only as a *Nisi Prius* lawyer. As a statesman, his career was of the humblest. To the bench, he carried all the shrewdness, and, at the same time, all the foibles which marked the successful barrister; and in cases which came before him, bearing a political complexion, he was in the habit of summing up the evidence in a manner that savoured strongly of the special pleader. But he is gone—

his faults lie gently on him. Like many other great men, he was the architect of his own fortune. The son of a Jamaica wheelwright attaining the highest judicial honours, peerage, and becoming the founder of a great family, is a sight witnessed in a few countries but England. It is not less creditable to the talents of the individual than to the genius of his adopted country.

The late Lord Abinger (James Scarlett, first Baron) was doctor of civil law, and a privy councillor, created Baron Abinger in 1835, brother of the late Sir William Scarlett, Chief Justice of Jamaica, and father of Lady Stratheden (Lady Campbell); was Attorney-General in the Wellington administration, and sat in the house of commons in 1835 as Mr. and Sir James Scarlett, shortly previous to his being raised to the peerage. His lordship was in his seventy-sixth year.

The death of Lord Abinger has been followed by a good deal of scrambling amongst the lawyers, two or three of the foremost circuit leaders having an eye to promotion. The changes, after a good deal of controversy in the journals, are all now made, and they cannot fail to give satisfaction to the country. Of course, Sir Frederick Pollock succeeds, by the etiquette of the profession, the deceased Chief Baron; and a more admirable lawyer and excellent man it would be difficult to find—for, so he is esteemed by all classes and shades of politics. Sir William Follett, by the same rule, is promoted from the Solicitor to the Attorney-Generalship. The claims of the rival leaders have had reference to the office which Sir William's promotion leaves vacant; and, after due consideration, it has been given to Mr. Thesiger.

DEATH OF THORWALDSEN.—The death of this remarkable man has stricken away one of the pillars of the European arts, and has produced a general sensation of regret throughout the civilized world. Such are the triumphs of genius. We have in the instance of this eminent person a striking and most exciting example of the height to which an individual from the most unpromising circumstances of birth, condition, and country, may rise to a distinction of the very highest order in the very first circles of mankind. The rank of monarchs is already ascertained and justly acknowledged; but they are born to it, and they are monarchs only in their own dominions. A man like Thorwaldsen was as well known, and as much honoured, in every land where a bust or statue from his studio was to be found, as if he had been the artist monarch of Europe. Yet this man was the son of humble parents, a struggler with poverty in his early years, and an Iclander.

Stimulated by that impetuous and irresistible love for the arts which marks the possession of genius, Thorwaldsen toiled his way to Italy, and there for many a year, poor and unknown, but never forsaking his first impulse, he laboured for renown.

The style of Thorwaldsen was wholly his own. While Canova, perhaps unrivalled for elegance, too often sought its conceptions in the theatre, his rival delighted in nervous simplicity. They held towards each other some general relation to the different excellences of Raphael and Michael Angelo—the contrast of rich amenity with chaste and daring power.

Thorwaldsen's funeral, which took place March 30, at Copenhagen, was honoured as perhaps the funeral of a subject was never honoured before. The King, in deep mourning, received the body at the entrance of the church; and the Crown Prince, as President of the Academy of Fine Arts, the head of its members, followed by the royal princes and the principal officers of state, walked after the hearse. Troops, processions of the different guilds and orders of citizens, and a concourse of thousands formed the train of this fine national ceremony. And all this honour was paid to the memory of a peasant's son, a native of the wildest and most northern region of Europe, whose only mansion was a studio, and whose only implement of fortune and fame was a chisel.

The streets were lined with troops as at a royal funeral; the Queen and Princesses attended the service in the church; orations were made by the principal artists and others where the body had lain in state; anthems were performed in the room adorned with his works; and, when the ceremony was at an end, the King headed the subscription for a monument on a magnificent scale by the regal subscription of 25,000 dollars. The whole tribute of memory and gratitude does almost as much honour to the monarch and the people as to Thorwaldsen.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The intelligence brought by this mail from the East is of the most satisfactory character. Peace and tranquillity prevailed throughout the whole of the British possessions in India. The affairs of Gwalior had been finally arranged to the satisfaction of the Governor-General, the young Sovereign having been formally installed on the 20th January, in the presence of Lord Ellenborough, the Commander-in-Chief, and all the military and civil authorities. On the 22nd, the army of Scindiah was reviewed in presence of the Maharajah and chiefs, and on the same day it was dissolved by proclamation, the troops composing it having been directed to proceed to the several destinations assigned to them. The Mahratta soldiery, to the number of 20,000, had laid down their arms, and tendered their services to the sovereign of Gwalior. On the 23rd, Lord Ellenborough took his departure for Calcutta, accompanied by General Grey and the left wing of the army. Scinde was perfectly quiet, and the health of the troops had materially improved. Some discontent had been exhibited in two or three of the Bengal and Madras regiments, who, it appears, have a strong reluctance to the service in Scinde; but no feeling of this kind prevailed in the Bombay army, and several regiments had volunteered their services for that district. But matters there are so tranquil, and so content are the people under the British sway, that troops are scarcely required.

The accounts from China are equally favourable, and universal peace also reigns in that quarter. We regret to state, however, that the massacre of three Catholic bishops, with seventy Christians, at Corea, is confirmed. They were all beheaded, and about one hundred and eighty more were said to have been strangled.

The Turkish government have imported a printing machine of the best and latest construction, from Paris.

A sample of an Indian rubber horse-shoe has been submitted to the Horse Guards and approved of. It is intended to test immediately its capability and durability for that purpose.

Since the penny postage was introduced, the weekly number of letters has increased from 1,586,000 to 4,212,000. For every 100 letters written under the old system, there are 270 under the new.

Dr. Pusey, the head of the Oxford Tractarians, is grandson of the Earl of Radnor; and Dr. Hook, also a leader of the high church party, is nephew of the late Theodore Hook.

A Newcastle paper, in adverting to the great railway movement which had arisen through Scotland, anticipates that, in the course of two or three years,

persons will be enabled to leave Newcastle-upon-Tyne in the morning, and dine at Aberdeen, or even Inverness, the same day.

The exaltation of Munoz, the husband of Queen Christina, to the peerage is announced in the following terms by the French papers:—"M. Munoz, chamberlain to the Queen of Spain, an old superior officer of the guard, has received the titles of Duke of Rianzares, and of Grande of Spain of the first class."

TURKEY.—The following official note, dated March 2, has been handed to the English and French ambassadors:—"His highness the sultan is irrevocably resolved to maintain the friendly relations, and strengthen the bonds of perfect sympathy which unite him with the great powers. The Sublime Porte engages for the future to prevent, by effective means, any Christian abjuring Islamism, being put to death."

THE REV. DR. WOLFF.—Letters have been received from this enterprising and benevolent traveller, who had reached Teheran, the capital of Persia, on his route to Bokhara, for the purpose of obtaining the liberation of Colonel Stoddart and Capt. Conolly from captivity. He had received the most hospitable and courteous treatment both at Constantinople and in Persia; and the Sultan and the King of Persia had written letters for him to the King of Bokhara. He was to enter the territories of Bokhara in his gown and doctor's hood. The benevolent missionary expresses a confident belief that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly are alive, but in prison.

ITALY.—The *Cologne Gazette* of the 4th inst., publishes the following letter from Naples of the 23d ult.:—"We have just heard that serious disorders have simultaneously taken place on several points in Sicily. At Messina several hundred persons are said to have been killed or wounded in an encounter with the troops. In most of the towns armed parties arrived from the country, calling for bread. The lower classes had everywhere made common cause with them."—Accounts from Malta confirm the previous accounts of the disturbances in Sicily. Private letters of the 25th March, state that they retired from Messina, carrying with them their own dead and wounded, and fled to the interior. Fresh troops were sent to the place of action, to reinforce the garrison. On landing at Paola, they found that city, as well as Cosenza, almost deserted. The greatest alarm prevails as well on the side of the government as on that of the people. None of the insurgents have as yet fallen into the hands of the authorities. Some respectable persons have been arrested at Naples.

CULTIVATION OF COTTON IN INDIA.—A sample of cotton produced in India from Sea Island seed, appears to be of an exceedingly promising character. It formed part of a small parcel of two bags shipped from Bombay (the exact place of growth not being stated,) and was sold lately at Liverpool, where it fetched the high price of 1s. 2d. per pound. It is of an exceedingly beautiful colour, and generally fine and strong staple, and appears to have been the produce of healthy and luxuriant plants; but not very carefully picked, being slightly mixed with the produce of inferior pods. It is, however, as the price justly indicates, an exceedingly valuable description of cotton; and, if it can be grown in sufficient quantities, will be found highly important to manufacturers. The following is the account given in a Liverpool broker's circular, of the parcel sold in that town:—

"This week, two bales of cotton of a new growth, imported from Bombay, have been sold at 14d. per lb. This cotton is much superior to the average of Sea Island Georgia cotton, being fine, silky, very long, clear, regular, and strong in staple, perfectly clean, and of a beautiful cream colour.

"This is an important fact; for, if the culture of this cotton be extended, it will render Great Britain independent of the supply of Sea Island American cotton; and possibly, by proper attention, may bring about a supply of cotton that will supersede the use of Bowd and Orleans. The cotton was thought cheap at 14d. per lb. Farther inquiry into this matter should be urged on government by the British manufacturers and spinners."

STEAM ASCENT OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE.—We have mentioned the accomplishment of this great feat, an epoch in science and its African power. It seems to have been effected principally through the energy and presence of Achmet Menikli Pacha, the new governor of Soudan, who was ascending the river to the seat of his rule. In six days from Cairo, the boat reached the group of granite rocks near Assouan, which form the cataract. The first gate was easily passed; but in the second, owing to the violence of the current, it hung for ten minutes, vibrating, but almost stationary, and in danger every moment of being dashed on the rocks only four paces distant. It was a fearful struggle; but at last, by carrying out rope in a small boat, the pacha himself and three sailors obtained a purchase on an island, succeeded in bringing the labouring vessel through. Three hundred Nubians witnessed, and some of them with poles assisted, in this triumph. The third gate (as these narrow passes are called) was surmounted, and the anchor dropped off the village of the famous island of Philoe. The exploit was attempted in 1838 by Mahomed Ali, but defeated at the second gate; and now the passage is shown to be practicable, it will often be repeated, and produce important effects in this part of the world.

LITERARY GAZETTE.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—The new bill to amend the law relating to international copyright, prepared and brought in by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Greene, and Mr. Bingham Baring, proposes to enact that her majesty, by order in council, may direct that authors of books, prints, articles of sculpture, first published in foreign countries, shall have a copyright in such books within her majesty's dominions. That authors and composers of dramatic pieces and musical compositions first publicly represented and performed in foreign countries shall also have similar rights, the particulars to be entered in the register book at Stationers' Hall. All copies of books wherein copyright is subsisted under the act, printed in foreign countries, other than those wherein the book was first published, are prohibited to be imported; and the officers of the Stationers' Company are to deposit books, &c., in the British Museum, within one month after receiving the same.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN SWEDEN.—The *Gazette des Tribunaux* publishes an account of a trial at Stockholm which is very remarkable, as coming at a moment when two of the great states of Europe are demanding from Turkey a positive guarantee against religious persecution. A young painter, named Nilsson, born of Lutheran parents and educated in the Protestant faith, having turned Roman catholic, he was denounced by the pastor of his parish to the Royal Consistory, and brought before the tribunal. The president asked him whether it was true that he had renounced his religion, and told him that the law awarded severe penalties under such circumstances, but that he could avoid them by again embracing the protestant faith. Nilsson having refused to do this, and declared that he had turned catholic from conviction, the tribunal sentenced him to perpetual banishment, and declared him and his descendants incapable of enjoying civil rights in Sweden, or inheriting any property in that

country. It was supposed, however, in Stockholm, that the king would exercise his royal prerogative, and set aside this judgment.

DREADFUL CALAMITY IN THE BALEARIC ISLES.

The following despatch from the Deputy Alcalde of Felanitx to the Political Chief of the Balearic Isles, gives an account of a frightful accident which occurred there on the 31st ult. by which many hundred persons were killed or wounded:—"Constitutional Corporation of Felanitx.—This afternoon, at six o'clock, a dreadful catastrophe occurred in this town. On account of the procession which takes place every year on the evening of this day, an immense crowd of spectators had assembled at the place called the Old Cemetery (*Cementerio Viejo*), opposite the door of the church Santa Rosa, in order to hear one of the twelve sermons that are preached near the churchyard. During the preaching the wall that separates the old cemetery from the Calle Mayor fell down upon the assembly who were congregated in the street, the whole (more than 300 according to calculation) remained buried under the wall and the adjacent earth. In union with the most influential persons of this town, I am taking necessary measures. The Alcalde Don Francisco Bonasser and six of the members of the corporation (who were only installed to-day) have been buried. The Deputy Alcalde JUAN CALDENTE.—Further particulars of this accident are contained in the following letter from the same place:—Felanitx, April 1.—My dear friend,—This accident has been more horrible than we at first believed. 414 persons killed, 72 wounded, 92 contused, and 27 with fractures; this is the result of this dreadful catastrophe over which the inhabitants of this town are now shedding tears of blood. What we have witnessed yesterday afternoon and during the last night seems to us a dream. The Political Chief arrived at six o'clock. I can give you no further particulars." Times.

WAR OFFICE, April 4.—Memorandum.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to permit the 40th Regt. to bear on its regimental or second colour, and likewise on its appointment, in addition to any other distinctions heretofore granted, the words "Candahar," "Ghuznee," and "Cabool," "1842," in commemoration of the services of the regiment during the second campaign in Afghanistan, in the year 1842.

WAR OFFICE, April 5.—2nd Regt. of Life Gds.—R. B. Hesgeth, Gent. to be Cor. and Sub.-Lt. by pur. v. Montgomery, whose appointment has been cancelled. 2d Drags: Capt. J. R. T. Graham, from half pay of the Regt., to be Capt. v. Lord Hill, dec.; Lt. G. A. F. Sullivan to be Capt. by pur. vice Graham, who rets.; Cor. H. T. C. S. Pigott to be Lt. v. Sullivan; W. W. Hoizer, Gent. to be Cor. by pur. v. Pigott. 6th Drags: Assist.-Surg. C. G. Logie, M.D., from 72nd Ft., to be Assist.-Surg. v. Dolmage, prom. to the 54th Ft. 11th Light Dragoons: Cor. J. T. Wightman to be Lieut. by purchase vice Lord Aberdeen, who rets.; W. G. B. Cresswell, Gent., to be Cor. by pur. v. Wightman. 1st or Grenadier Regt. of Ft. Gds.: Brevet Col. T. F. Wade, from h.-p. Unattached, to be Capt. and Lt. Col. v. G. McKinnon, who exchs.; Lt. and Capt. E. B. Reynardson to be Capt. and Lt.-Col. by pur. v. Wade, who rets.; Ens. and Lt. the Hon. R. W. P. Curzon, to be Lt. and Capt. by pur. v. Reynardson; Ens. C. G. Ellison, from 4th Ft., to be Ens. and Lt. by pur. v. Curzon.—11th Regt. of Ft.: Capt. W. Jesse, from h.-p. Unattached, to be Capt. v. B. C. Milford, who exchs.; Lt. A. F. Jenner, to be Capt. by pur. v. Jesse, who rets.; Ens. W. Chalmers to be Lt. by pur. v. Jenner; C. J. Powell, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Chalmers.—49th Ft.: H. E. Quinn, Gent. to be Ens. without pur.—21st Ft.: Second Lt. T. W. Prevost to be First Lt. by pur. v. Rumbold, prom. in 1st West India Regt.; W. H. Ballingall, Gent. to be Second Lt. by pur. v. Prevost.—54th Ft.: Assist.-Surg. G. Dolmage, from 6th Drags, to be Sur. v. Ingham, who retires upon h.-p.—72nd Ft.: Assist.-Surg. G. Hornblow, M.D. from the Staff, to be Assist.-Surg. v. Logie, apptd. to the 6th Drags.—73rd Ft.: Capt. G. C. Collins, from h.-p. 61st Ft. to be Capt. v. W. H. Kenny, who exchs.; Lt. M. C. O'Connell to be Capt. by pur. v. Collins, who retires; Ens. W. C. Bisse to be Lieut. by pur. v. O'Connell; A. C. Knox, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Bisse.—86th Ft.: Capt. W. Butler, from h.-p. 27th Ft. to be Capt. v. H. Fenwick, who exchs.; Lt. J. H. Thursby to be Capt. by pur.

UNATTACHED.—Brevet-Col. Sir De L. Evans, K.C.B., from Capt. half-pay 5th West India Regt., to be Major, without pur.

BREVEY.—Capt. W. Butler, of the 86th Ft., to be Maj. in the army; Capt. G. C. Collins, of 73rd Foot to be Maj. in the army; Capt. J. R. T. Graham, of 2nd Drags., to be Mjr in the army.

STAFF.—Col. T. E. Napier, on half-pay unattached, to be Deputy Adj.-Gen. to the Forces serving in Ireland, v. Col. Wade, who resigns; Paymaster C. H. Peirse, from 16th Ft., to be Paymaster of a recruiting district, v. H. B. Adams, who retires upon half-pay.

April 12.—8th Regt. of Lt. Drag.—Cor. E. Tomkinson to be Lieut. by pur. v. Smythe, who retires; the Hon. O. F. Toler to be Cor., by pur. v. Tomkinson. Scots Fusilier Gds.—C. T. Weinyass, Esq., (Page of Honour to the Queen,) to be Ens. and Lt., without pur.; Lord B. T. M. Cecil to be Ens. and Lt., by pur. v. the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, whose appointment has been cancelled. 18th Regt. of Ft.—Lt. Col. T. S. Reynolds, from the 49th Ft., to be Lt.-Col. v. Adams, who exchanges. 24th Ft.—Gent. Cadet the Hon. R. Hancock, from the Royal Military College, to be Ens., by pur. v. Woodgate, who rets. 26th Ft.—Gent. Cadet R. W. Clerke, fin. the Royal Military College, to be Ens. by pur. v. Sir G. Walker, Bart., appt. to the Coldstream Gds. 49th Ft.—Lt. Col. H. W. Adams, fin. the 18th Ft. to be Lt.-Col. v. Reynolds, who exchs. 52d Ft.—Lt. J. H. Alleyne to be Capt., by pur. v. the Hon. H. C. Grey, who rets.; Ens. L. H. Peel to be Lt., by pur. v. Alleyne; A. G. Corbet, Gent., to be Ens., by pur. v. Peel. 59th Ft.—Lieut. W. Fulton to be Capt., by pur. v. Fuller, who rets.; Ens. R. C. Holmes to be Lt., by pur. v. Fulton; E. F. B. S. Stanhope, Gent., to be Ens., by pur. v. Holmes. 79th Ft.—Capt. E. J. Elliot to be Maj., by pur. v. Isham, who rets.; Lt. R. J. M. Napier to be Capt., by pur. v. Elliot; Ens. and Adj. H. Mackay to have the rank of Lieut.; Ens. W. A. Mainwaring to be Lt., by pur. v. Napier; O. Graham, Gent., to be Ens., by pur. v. Mainwaring. 3d W. I. Regt.—Lt. R. H. Macdonnell to be superseded. Unattached.—Lt. C. Lee, fin. the 77th Ft., to be Capt., without pur.

OFFICE OF ORDINANCE, April 9.—Royal Regt. of Art.: Capt. and Brevet Maj. J. H. Wood to be Lieut.-Col. v. Darby, ret. on f.-p.; 2d Capt. F. Weller to be Capt. v. Wood; 1st Lieut. T. B. F. Marriot to be 2d Capt. v. Weller; 2d Lieut. J. D. Telfer to be 1st Lieut. v. Marriot; Capt. and Brevet Maj. W. E. Jackson to be Lieut.-Col. v. the Hon. W. Arbuthnot, ret. on f.-p.; 2d Capt. T. Knatchbull to be Capt. v. Jackson; 1st Lieut. T. Elwyn to be 2d Capt. v. Knatchbull; 2d Lieut. C. J. Strange to be 1st Lieut. v. Elwyn; Capt. and Brevet Maj. G. Dunford to be Lieut.-Col. v. Macbean, ret. on f.-p.; 2d Capt. J. H. St. John to be Capt. v. Dunford; 1st Lieut. C. J. Wright to be 2d Capt. v. St. John; 2d Lieut. R. Gregory to be 1st Lieut. v. Wright;

2d Capt. R. J. Dacres to be Capt. v. Morgan, ret. on f.-p.; 1st Lieut. G. A. F. Derinzy to be 2d Capt. v. Dacres; 2d Lieut. H. P. Newton to be 1st Lieut. v. Derinzy.

Varieties.

ALARMING CIRCUMSTANCE.—Mr. Ferrand has "given up Sir Robert Peel." Nevertheless, on inquiry at the Baronet's residence, we were happy to find him "as well as could be expected." Punch.

IMPORTANT TO THE PUBLIC.—The following paragraph has been published in the papers "on authority":—

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of two sovereigns, to be applied 'to the use of the nation.'"

If these two sovereigns are the King of Prussia and the Emperor Nicholas, the best use to which the nation could apply them would be to make one master of the Wandsworth workhouse, and the other his beadle. lb.

THE MARKETS.—(From the List of the British and Foreign Institute.)—There is very little doing in venison or fish, but a great demand for chops and steaks. The "hot-joint" remains quiet, at 2s. 6d. a-head; but the inquiries for luncheon, at 1s. 6d., gradually increase as the dinner-hour advances. There is a greater confidence in pork, and à-la-mode beef is slowly improving at 6d. per basin. Potatoes, in their jackets, move off rapidly at three per lb. The holders of port complain of dullness in the best sorts of wine. The great scarcity of game is generally felt. Coffee is rather weak at 3d. per cup. A sheet of letter-paper remains stationary at 1d.; and Cubas, at 2d., were selling at the close at the rate of the best Havannahs. The markets generally is improving, and profits altogether looking up. lb.

THE ORANGE GROVES OF THE AZORES.—Nothing can exceed the rich luxuriant appearance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit months, namely, from November to March; when the emerald tints of the unripe, and golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees; and the bright odoriferous blossom, which diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighbourhood, is quite delicious. The present amount of oranges and lemons exported is upwards of 120,000 boxes, and nearly 70 or 80 vessels are sometimes seen lying in the roads, waiting to carry them to Europe; besides these, a large quantity of the sweet lemon is cultivated for the consumption of the inhabitants; it is produced by grafting the sour lemon on the orange, but is tasteless and vapid, though esteemed salutary and refreshing by the natives. There is a species of epicurism peculiar to the Azores, with respect to oranges, particularly observed by the higher classes, who only eat that side which has been most exposed to the sun, and is, of course, in its fresh state, easily distinguished by the tint—a refinement we are unable to emulate, the colour being rendered uniform by age. Magazine of Science.

SILENCE FOSTERS ENERGY.—He knows not how to speak who cannot be silent; still less how to act with vigour and decision. Who hastens to the end is silent; loudness is impotence. Lavater.

A builder, of Taunton, having some ground to let, has stuck up a board with the following:—"This good and desirable land to be let on a lease one hundred and twenty-five yards long."

AN OPERA OF HANDEL.—In 1749, the opera of *Theodora* was so very unfortunately abandoned, that Handel was glad if any professors, who did not perform, would accept of tickets or orders for admission. Two gentlemen of that description, now living, having applied to Handel, after the disgrace of *Theodora*, for an order to hear the *Messiah*, he cried out, "Oh your servant, mein-herren! you are tannable tainty! you would not go to *Theodora*—der was room enough to tance dere, when dat was perform." Sometimes, however, I have heard him, as pleasantly as philosophically, console his friends, when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the house was so empty, he saying, "Nevere mound; de moosic vil sound de petter." Dr. Burney's sketch of Handel.

OUR MODERN POETS.—Crabbe, Rogers, Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Moore, Byron! Of this glorious brotherhood, who once were all living at the same period, the survivors are Rogers, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Moore. Byron, the youngest of the band, was the first to be withdrawn from it; he died in 1824, in the thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh year of his age; Crabbe, in 1832, in his seventy-eighth; Scott, a little later in the same year, in his sixty-second; Coleridge (who was for some time a contributor to this paper,) died in 1834, also in his sixty-second; Southey, in 1843, in his sixty-ninth. Of the survivors, Rogers is the senior, having been born in 1762; he is, consequently in his eighty-second year. He first distinguished himself in the year 1786, by an "Ode to Superstition;" his "Pleasures of Memory" did not appear till 1792. Wordsworth was born in 1770, and is in his seventy-fourth year; Campbell, whose "Pleasures of Hope" appeared in 1799, born in 1777, is in his sixty-seventh; and Moore, in his sixty-fourth, having been born in 1780. Morning Post.

MUSIC IN THE BACK WOODS.

VIEXX TEMPS IN CONCORDIA.—This good violinist, and imitator of Ole Bull, appeared in Natchez, and gave two concerts. Among the audience were some few Concordians, who crossed the Mississippi in a "dug-out," determined to give the scraper a fair chance, as they were fond occasionally of a "scrape" themselves.

The affair went off delightfully. Viexx Temps brought out airs from his violin, and the venetian blinds of the concert-room, admitted "airs" from the world at large; the ladies present fluttered their fans, and the bow fluttered in the violinist's hand, and the hearts of the "beaux" fluttered beneath fashionable vests. We would speak of one, who li tened entranced, listened as a lover listens when he taps upon the window, from which is to come a mistress, a mistress of a fortune in her own right, and who will elope, if not prevented. The Concordian, the hero of so much attention, said little and did less, but repaired to his retreat and kept up a constant thinking; he had heard much music from his youth up, he was familiar with sweet sounds, not by the day and month only, but particularly "by the quarter." Venerable Ebiop's had tortured the sweet airs of Mozart, and Bellini, and in hours of inspiration, given forth the "park" mysteries of their own sun burnished soil, in fantastic sounds, for years; yet he had admired them not. Viexx Temps had given him a new sense; he saw in these, before thought crude exhibitions of music, the outpourings of nature; the perfection lay in the movement of the bow, accomplish this, improve but the action of this magical weapon, and he had a crowd of great "artists" about him. In the mysterious hour of midnight, he brought a venerable "field hand" into his bachelor's parlor, seated him in the centre of the room, and bade him proceed

with his incantations. Something like "boats men row," was distinguishable in the sounds, as the performer worked his bow, as regularly as clock work.—"Now," said this modern Frankenstein, "throw a new spirit into your bow, imitate my poker and follow my orders, as you value your ears; see here, work it up, and down, crosswise, give it a lick back, now this way, go slow, go quick, snash down, the hair on all the strings, now give that little one an over dose, fire away on that wired one, keep it up, faster, you rascal, or you will get fifty, now softly, quietly, you villain, shove up your left hand chuck to the fiddle bridge, down again like lightning, now, this way, (flourishing the poker vertically,) now this way, (drawing it through the air horizontally,) now every way, you nigger, work as you would at a corn-shucking, work, work!"

All this while the master and the slave seemed to be in a state of phrenzy; the violin squeaked, bleated, groaned and whispered, all air, rhythm or soul, was absent, still on it went; twenty calves with their maternal parents absent could not have made the air more hideous; a pond of bull frogs creaking for rain, or ten saw-filers joined in split the ear, would not have done more. The master spirit, the experimenter, the philosopher into the merits of *Vieux Temps* and *Ole Bull* was in ecstasy, springing to his feet, he struck the fiddle bow into the air with his sceptre, the poker, dashed his hand over a lithographic portrait of Paganini, nailed to the wall, tearing it through the centre, and called upon the great departed to hear his own "Carnival of Venice," excelled; to behold all small fiddlers eclipsed, and the secret of all master fiddling given to the world.

Concordia Intelligencer.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1844.

By the Mail-Steamer *Hibernia*, to Halifax and Boston, we have our files to the 19th ult. They do not contain intelligence of a very pressing importance. That which more immediately concerns this country is the Cotton market, and we regret to find that this is not of a very satisfactory nature, the article having fallen about 1-8d. since last accounts, and the demand not very pressing. The truth is, that confidence is not over strong, in the present posture of affairs, notwithstanding the enlargement of the markets for British manufactures; for we find that in the midst of a fair share of employment for the operatives, and a tolerably constant and steady work at the mills, the masters are doing little more than working from hand to mouth, fulfilling actual orders, and keeping down the amount of stock on hand. They will not be forced into purchases of Cotton, and we suspect that the recent treaty with the Zoll Verein will not add to their eagerness as buyers.

The disinclination to speculate in commercial enterprise is well exhibited in the state of the public funds, where we see that men are contented to receive less than 3 per cent per annum from the government, rather than embark their capital in speculation. For the first time, in nearly a hundred years, the three per Cent. British Stocks are *above par*. It was the perception of this, doubtless, which moved the government to the reduction of the 3½ per cents. lately. They are, or should be, the jealous conservators of the public peace, and should not allow the industrious to be needlessly taxed to support the idle. It is a strange contrast, however, between the price of Stocks now and that which has been known within the memory of living men. The 3 per cents. have been as low as 47½ within that period, although, when nearly the whole of the civilized world was against England, the Funds were not lower than 57. All this, in peaceable times, and with new fields of commercial action, denotes either an enormous increase of capital, much greater cautiousness in dealing, or both.

The Quarter's Revenue has just been made up, and it is a gratifying one being an increase of three hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds over the corresponding quarter of the last year. We were most delighted with the item of the Post office which, whilst it shews an increase of only £150,000 on the year, shews one of £30,000 on the quarter; this is indeed marking an improvement. The surplus goes partly to the reduction of the national debt—a mere drop—and mainly to the redemption of Exchequer bills, a wise and equitable measure.

The 15th ult. was the day appointed for giving sentence against Mr. O'Connell and the other Traversers; they were, however, served with a four day rule to shew cause why judgment should not be passed; and the Agitator has been amusing his dupes with the notion that it will be quashed. He states that he expects to bring the matter before the Judges of Ireland, and upset the whole proceedings, but failing that, he purposed to pass over to England without delay, give his attention to the Irish Franchise Bill, and upset the late trials, though they should carry him to the last resort—the House of Lords. It is strange, but true, that he finds believers of all this rhodomontade. He has made assurances and promises of what he would do, in the several stages of the State Trials, all of which have been either fallacious or short-coming of his threats; he goes on prophecy, and not one of his prophecies is fulfilled; yet do infatuated people—certainly in greatly reduced numbers—still confide in him, and we suppose they will do so even whilst he and his colleagues shall be in duress and condemned to heavy fines. That this last will be their case we have no manner of doubt, after which, probably, the scales may fall from their eyes: the utter helplessness of this man, when the stern hand of THE LAW is upon him, will shew them the broken reed to which they trusted, his extravagant declarations and his bullying expressions will be recollected with the scorn they deserve, and the deluded multitudes will gradually—though slowly—endeavour to retrace their steps, and take shelter under the government which they have been seduced so grossly to outrage. We consider the condemnation of the Traversers as matters of moral certainty, and are equally certain that it will be carried out.

At a recent dinner at Cork, where Mr. O'Connell delivered the opinions on

his trial which we have recorded, he was unusually jocose, pretending he knew he should be *commanded* to prison, and talked in a sprightly (qu. silly) manner about his occupations while in duress; but all that sort of thing rings hollow, his political sun is set, and we could recommend to him to fold his robes decently about him, and as he lets the curtain fall before him, to comport himself with as much dignity as he can assume.

Sir James Graham seems to be falling into diminished popularity. The defeat of his second Factories bill in the House, and the refusal to him of the Lord Lieutenancy of Westmoreland and Cumberland out of the House, must be mortifications to him on both sides, and it is hardly matter of surprise that he should begin to talk of retiring from public life, to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. There were two things which Sir James Graham and Lord Stanley should have well recollected before they resolved upon *retting*, or at least before they announced their change of party. The first is, that the party forsaken are sure to be most bitter against those who have gone over from their ranks; and secondly, that deserters may be used, but are seldom trusted. Besides this, it commonly is seen that proselytes exhibit more zeal than those born in the faith, and their zeal is doubly offensive to those of the opposite creed, hence the Whigs were sure to sharpen their arrows against their political repudiators; and to this consideration, perhaps, as much as any other, must be ascribed the ill-success of this as well as other measures undertaken by Sir James. The zeal of this gentleman has at length outrun his discretion, and caused him to commit one of the greatest of political crimes—a blunder. An imputation having been laid upon Earl Fortescue, late Viceroy of Ireland, relative to stipendiary magistrates appointed by him, the noble Lord took an early opportunity of bringing the matter up in the Lords, and of setting himself right with both the House and the country. Sir James Graham, of course, could not be ignorant of this, yet he zealously and indiscreetly takes up the same cry in the Commons, where he is met by Lord Ebrington, the grandson of the ex-viceroy, who so completely defeats him that he is obliged to confess to some—what?—"Inaccuracies" in his statement. "Inaccuracies!" This sort of admission from a principal Secretary of State, and in allusion to the public acts of a nobleman executing the functions of royalty itself is—to use the expressive words of the late Lord Liverpool—"too bad." But, without endeavouring to vindicate the principles of any party in politics, we deem that such tergiversation on the part of one who has held high trust in the government of his country, as that of Sir James Graham, Lord Stanley, and we will add, of the late Lord Abinger, is greatly reprehensible. The change of opinion in an unfledged legislator,—there are always many such in every country,—of one who has never had any onerous charge, or of one whose views may have been of a general and not very minute description, is not only pardonable, but if made deliberately, and after mature consideration, is praiseworthy—provided always that it be both the first and the last change of such a description; but the change of party in one who has made such advances in politics as to have accepted high office under given principles is inexcusable, because the acceptance itself of high responsible duties is a tacit declaration that the principles are firmly established after the gravest self-examination, and that the public are to view his motives and his acts through the medium which he has presented for their guidance.

The celebrated Lord Abinger is no more. As an advocate, for many a year, he was unrivalled, for besides his inherent legal qualities he had that in his manner which seemed perfectly to captivate witnesses, judges, and juries. As a judge his lordship was not so happy, for he had so long and so successfully practised at the bar, that his very success may be said to have disqualified him for the bench. Few, perhaps none, have ever reaped such large emoluments as a pleader, as did Mr. Scarlett, nor, considered as a barrister, did any one ever more largely deserve the success he met. As a politician, however, he was contemptible, a watcher of tides and times, and, as is generally the case with renegades, the determined persecutor of opinions which he had repudiated. We have given a brief memoir of his lordship in another place.

In the debates upon the Factory question of ten hours work, we have been much struck with the first resolution at a meeting held at Leeds. It is to the following effect:—

"That this meeting believes that what is commonly understood as the ten hours factory question—meaning thereby the limitation of factory labour within a day of twelve hours, with a proper allowance of time for meals and rest—is a reasonable, a holy, and a righteous object; and that the blessing of Almighty God will not fail to attend the prosecution of it by upright and honourable means."

This reminds us of the special divine protection of the Israelites under Moses and his immediate successors, even when surrounded by enemies, whilst they obeyed the religious laws laid down for them by Divine command. Their cessation from labour at appointed times, their suspension of war on Sabbaths, in short their observance generally of holy things was never followed by advantages taken from without, by enemies, and the Israelites were always prosperous whilst they obeyed their Divine Master and chosen servant. Those days are not gone by for ever. A rigid national adherence to moral rectitude, can never be productive of national mischief. The promises of God are "yea and amen" to those who seek rightly to procure their fulfilment.

In default of a more tangible subject of discontent an attempt is made to set up an objection against the present government, because, as the objectors allege, Ireland does not enjoy her full share of ministerial patronage. Mr. Wyse founded a motion on this point, which, however, came to nothing, as Sir Robert Peel argued that the true bearing of the question is not where does such or such a man come from, but, what are his qualifications for the public service in the department for which he presents himself? This is excellent abstract reasoning, but it opens a wide entrance for all sorts of plausibilities, and

may be rendered subservient to every species of abuse. The best security in the case is the character of the man possessing so indefinite an extent of power and influence.

We perceive by the recent English papers that government is quite aware of the agitations here respecting the proposed annexation of Texas; yet they neither act upon that knowledge nor do we find opinions or suggestions touching thereon from the press generally. The fact is that the British Government have not the slightest views or designs relating to Texas, and so earnest is their desire to preserve amicable relations between the two countries, that they would not allow so slight a matter to interfere with the mutual tranquillity.

One would not wish to apply the term "gratuitous tyranny and despotism" to the conduct of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, but it seems impossible to ascribe a rational motive to that monarch's conduct in the treatment of his Jewish subjects. Some of his severities towards them are already well known, such as the sending them into the interior, away from their connexions and modes of living; but he has now denounced all who shall pass the frontiers without a license, and threatens them with labors in the mines, or in the army, or with banishment to Siberia. Of course his Imperial Majesty is beyond remonstrance, and may care little for general indignation; the latter will be pretty loudly and generally expressed for all that.

In Turkey, where the power is not really so great, nor the dominion so extensive, a remonstrance can reach,—yea, and be attended to also;—the ministers at Constantinople have interfered in the case of capital punishment upon persons guilty of religious lapses, and The Porte has promised that death shall not in future be inflicted for that offence. Thus in the cases of Russia and Turkey one becomes reminded of Gay's satirical verse, slightly altered:—

"But petty rogues submit to fate,
Whilst great ones still enjoy their state."

MEMOIRS OF BARRE.—We commenced last week a summary of the life of *Bertrand Barre*, which our readers will find continued to-day and will be completed in two numbers more. It is from the latest Edinburgh Review, and we have been induced to make the extract, from several, to us, weighty reasons. Firstly, the paper is from the masterly hand of Thomas Babington Macauley, whose previous sketches of public character have been given in such glowing, forcible, and elegant style; secondly, the subject fully illustrates the saying that "Truth is stranger, stranger than fiction;" for here are more and greater atrocities and vices displayed in this actual character than could the boldest writer of fiction venture to ascribe in the greatest imaginary villain of a horrible tale; thirdly, here is "a great moral lesson" shewing how insignificant an ingredient in the composition of the human mind is mere good-nature in youth, unaccompanied by firmness of spirit, and strength of intellect; fourthly, the danger of placing power, at a serious crisis, in the hands of a man with no self-dependence, and who may be moulded to good or to evil, according to the nature of those who sway his movements; and, fifthly, the mischief of good-natured friends who, instead of letting faults, crimes, and vices, die with the deceased, aspire to give him a posthumous fame without the slightest materials with which to raise it.

Mr. Macauley has always been happy in seizing for his subject some personage greatly distinguished, and we cannot help thinking that he has been disposed to be antithetical in his biography, when he resolved upon taking up that of *Barre*. In the most faulty of those with whom he has hitherto grappled, there was always a moral grandeur, an aiming after good although by mistaken means, and even the lapses of any such, being but casual, these repented and atoned for, and all, more or less, aspiring to fill their niches in the temple of fame with honour. But what have we here? Clay, plastic to evil, fixed against good; a spirit of such a tendency to a moral bathos, having such an alacrity in sinking, as to form a perfect anomaly of the term, which, as we generally understand it, has a tendency to rise. "The worst of the bad" is an expression which under very ordinary circumstances conveys a humiliating idea of any human being; but when we carry our recollections back to the badly celebrated *Reign of Terror*, review the monsters who figured therein, and hear it said that, of all these, there was not one but had some slight redeeming point of his character—except *Barre*—what shall we think of *Barre*?

In the paper to which we allude, Mr. Macauley has been terse, frank, and sternly to the point. We consider this effort of his biographical skill as equal to the best which has preceded it, and although it is impossible to admire the materials from which it has been wrought, that heart must indeed be either coldly apathetic, or lost to every honourable emotion, which does not derive profit from the perusal.

But the very conductors of the Review from which we have taken this interesting biography, are as antithetical in their notions as Mr. Macauley himself, for, in the same number which contains an account of the weakest and worst of mankind, we find a brief summary of the life of one who was indeed one of the firmest, the most self-governed, and the bravest of the brave;—John, Earl of St. Vincent! As if the *ridiculous* had said "we must give the readers of our leading article something to console their wounded spirits, after such a degrading *expose* of human nature as this execrable *Barre*," they hit upon the very man who in every respect was the very antipodes of that odious monster. The Reviewers have founded their St. Vincent article upon the distinct biographies of that illustrious seaman by Capt. Brenton, R.N., and by Mr. Tucker, the Admiral's own private Secretary. From these and other sources they have been able to shew the world a specimen of a youth early left to his own poor resources—although of a family which could have assisted him—of a young man who bore up under severe hardships and mortifications, unswerving from the principles of honour and rectitude, and whose whole life was a continuation or rather an advance in the same unflinching, unwavering, frank, honest, and independent line of action. Lord St. Vincent—we are ashamed to bring his name, to an approach to collision with that of *Barre*—has also been called cruel. But oh! what a difference both in acts and motives! *Jervis* was not cruel, he was severe, and that, too, at a time and under circumstances when severity was the greatest mercy he could shew.—The time of the *Mutiny* in the English fleet.—But not then only, was he sternly immovable. Lord St. Vincent was gifted with uncommon sagacity as well as with uncommon determination; he quickly could draw correct conclusions from all but mere incipient symptoms, and he frequently crushed in the bud, evils which he truly foresaw.

The voice of all the world has done or is doing him justice, and he will in succeeding generations be looked upon as a distinguished patriot, when the former—we will name him no more—shall be either happily forgotten, or remembered only with the detestation he so justly merits.

EXTENSIVE AND CALAMITOUS OUTRAGE AT PHILADELPHIA.

We have the painful duty to fulfil of recording an outrageous outbreak which has resulted in an extensive loss of human life, much injury both to person and property, and whilst we are writing this, on Thursday afternoon, it is to be feared that the mischief is not altogether stayed. It is to the following effect:—

On Monday last a meeting was held, of the Native American Party of Philadelphia, to discuss certain matters connected with their political creed. This took place about the northern confines of the city and the village of Kensington. A great number of the Irish inhabitants also gathered to the spot and manifested designs to interrupt the proceedings of the meeting, nor was the interruption confined to words, for the Irish began—so say the reports—deliberately to fire upon the Native American party, and two were killed upon the spot. Another report states that the aggression was from a Native American. However, direct hostilities were produced, and after much mischief occurring to both sides of the quarrel, the Irish were obliged to make a partial retreat, although they continued to strengthen their position in doing so. The next news we heard was that five persons were killed and many wounded, and that the Americans were so exasperated at the unprovoked excesses of the strangers that they began to retaliate in the most ample manner. The result of all this is that between 60 and 100 houses have been burned and pulled down, two churches and a nunnery destroyed by fire, 13 lives lost, and many persons most dangerously wounded. The latest intelligence, however, that has reached this city is, that the Governor of Pennsylvania had arrived in Philadelphia, and has put the district under martial law, which has had the effect of stopping farther outrage for the present.

As we know nothing yet of the cause of all this tumult we cannot make any observations thereon, but the details will of course be spread abroad as soon as the belligerents shall be cool enough to give their several accounts of the matter.

Opera.—Palmo's Theatre.

Opera Seria is re-commenced here for a few nights under the direction of *Signor Valtellina*; it opened with "*Lucia di Lammermoor*" which was in the main well performed. *Signor Santini* is expected to make his first appearance here in the character of *Ricciardo* in "*I Puritani*,"—the part which was so injudiciously allotted to *Madame Valtellina* (Majocchi). It is therefore to be expected that this opera will be much more effectively done than heretofore.

By the bye, we recollect that on Monday evening *Borghese* did not appear in the Balcony scene of the "*Barbiere*;" why was that part omitted? It forms an important link to the general plot, and serves to develop the very outset the peculiar characteristics of Bartolo, Rosina, and Figaro. If it was cut out to please any caprices it was an inexcusable fault, if it was through any accident, the omission should have been apologised for.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

MUSICAL MONTHLY. No. I. For May, 1844. In the present state of Musical Science, and considering the largely increased patronage which Music has acquired within the last few years, a periodical of this nature is greatly wanted. The initiatory number of "*The Musical Monthly*" is before us; it professes to give the "*Beauties of the Opera*" and original compositions, all adapted to the uses of private society, and nearly forty names of the most esteemed artists and musicians are given as promised contributors and assistants in supporting the undertaking. Each number contains twenty pages of Music neatly and correctly engraved; with respect to the latter quality—the correctness—we trust that the editors will be most scrupulously careful, for the want of it is a grievous fault, in music more especially. The present number contains a *Serenade* from *Donizetti's* "*Don Pasquale*," a *Valse* by *Wallace*, a *Song* from *Bufl's* "*Bohemian Girl*," a *Cavatina* from *Bellini's* "*Beatrice di Tenda*," and a *Romance* from *Bellini's* "*I Puritani*." The price is 50 cents per number, and the work is published by S. C. Jollie, 385 Broadway. Each number is a copy-right.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The Operatic troupe produced here an English version of the "*Anna Bolena*" of *Donizetti*, on Monday evening. As a whole it was ably cast, better in fact than we had previously believed the operatic resources of the establishment could have brought to bear upon it; and it was exceedingly well received by the audience, although not any part of it was encored. This last, however, could hardly be, as the best pieces in it are of a very lengthened description, and could hardly be sung twice without considerably exhausting the vocalist. *Opera Seria* is "no joke" in any sense of the term, and it required an immense exertion of *physique* to go through so arduous a task as that of *Mrs. Seguin* in *Anna Bolena*; this however she did in most excellent and effective style, and both in singing and acting she proved herself an artiste of the first grade. *Mr. Seguin* performed the *Henry VIII* of the piece; his acting was very superior, but we had the impression that his singing was coarse. *Shirval's Percy* was respectable but not effective; he failed to make a point in the part, even where it was expected of him; the last cavatina in particular, of "*Since thy courage*," which ought to have been his telling scene, did not elicit one mark of applause. Yet the singing was smooth, level, and in good taste, and there were marks of the musician although not much of the artiste about him. *Andrews* as *Rockford* and *Pearson* as *Harvey* sustained their parts very well; but we have two more on whom to speak a few words. *Mrs. Knight* played the part of *Jane Seymour*, and, whilst we regret that peculiar style of enunciation which is so faulty in her, consisting in squeezing out the notes as if they were pent up in her throat and made their escape by an effort, we must do

justice to the truth of her singing, her evident understanding of the genius of the composition, her perfect study of the music allotted to her, and the appropriate action she adopted in the performance of the character. We have reserved *Miss Coad* till the last; not because the part of *Mark Smeaton*, sustained by her, is either the most or the least important in the opera, but because in the first place it was her *début*, in the second she is a more decided *contralto* than we have heard in English opera for a long time, and lastly because she was so exceedingly pleasing in her performance of it. She took us by surprise, for, entering quietly and unobtrusively on the stage, as a page to the Queen, we were not prepared for such a rich outbreak as the "Ah, why desire to light that face," which she sang in the first act. It was modest, subdued, sweet, round, and artistical, and it acted like electricity on the musical ears present. Yet so fearful did the audience feel of committing themselves, that when afterwards she sang the cavatina of "Beauteous semblance," and the whole house seemed delighted with the delicacy and beauty of the singing, they evidently dared not trust their judgments to insist on an encore which they plainly wanted, and which would have been so pleasing a compliment to the talents of the young vocalist.

The author of the libretto has stooped closely enough to veritable history, and we shall not affront the information of our readers by detailing the plot. But we must say that the task of translation has fallen into most incompetent hands. It may be literal enough; but the language is most barbarous, the accentuation is dreadfully false, giving most emphatical sounds to by, from, to, in, &c., &c., and hurrying long words as if they were escaping for dear life. It is devoid of rhythm, it violates the prosody of our language in every line, and is in short a lamentable failure in all respects, except that of being an indifferent vehicle for the conveyance of the musical passages to which it is appended. The opera was well received at the close, and will be a favourite if it should be revived at another operatic series.

Mrs. H. Hunt's performance of *Joseph*, in "The Young Scamp," is very good indeed; the main fault being somewhat of a redundancy of volubility. Mrs. Vernon played the *Grandmother* charmingly, as she does everything which she undertakes.

Mr. Shrivall and Mrs. Seguin have taken their benefits, and Mr. Seguin will take his this evening; we trust the last will be a bumper,—the talents of the *beneficiaries* deserve it,—and then adieu for the present to the Operatic Series.

On Monday next the theatre begins its legitimate range of business with the re-appearance of Mr. Macready. This consummate actor and tasteful critic will open his engagement with *Hamlet*, a character which, claimed by all "the Starry host," is nevertheless particularly and *par excellence* his own. In no one whom we have seen has the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare taken up so intellectual a ground as in the representation by Mr. Macready; and we can fancy new inlets into that splendid creation of the dramatist through the representation which he gives. We perceive that he will follow it up with *Macbeth* on the next night of performance. But why should we here eulogise what all the world is aware of! Let us merely call the recollection of our readers to the fact, that this is the closing engagement, before Mr. Macready's withdrawal from the American stage, perhaps never to return. Seize the opportunity then, lest it slip by for ever!

BOWERY THEATRE.—This is a week chiefly of benefits, when the friends of the establishment are called on to testify their sense of the actors and performances at the Bowery Theatre. And truly they answer the call with alacrity, for the house fills on each occasion, to witness "The Evil Eye," "The Pilot," "The Wept of the Wish-ton-wish," &c. Touching the last-mentioned piece, it is rather a bold undertaking in *Miss Vallee* to perform the character of *Narramattah* before the remembrance of *Madame Celeste* has faded, who was indeed the real "Wept" of the original story. She is, however, a clever girl, and deserves much praise for her manner of going through that affecting representation.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The benefits are proceeding here also, with all convenient dispatch, indicative, we presume, that the season is drawing to its close. *Holland* had a bumper on Monday evening, and *Marks*, the able leader of the orchestra, took his on Wednesday.

Literary Notices.

THE HIGHLANDS OF ETHIOPIA.—By Major W. C. Harris.—PART II.—New York: Winchester.—We have already spoken of this valuable addition to the literature of Travels. It will amply repay the perusal.

PART III. The above was in type last week, but subsequently we have both received more of the work, and have deliberately examined it. We venture now to say of it that with all its worth as a veracious account of travels through an interesting country, and with all its value as being a portion of an important public mission, it has various other and strong claims to the attention of readers. It has all the charms of a romance yet with all the consciousness of fact; it is written with all beauty and imaginative style of poesy,—for it is appropriately and largely figurative in its style—and it fascinates the taste whilst it impels curiosity. Major Harris has, in this work, proved himself an able *Literateur*, as likewise a well-qualified public functionary. There is an illustration in each Part of this work, but they are indifferently executed.

NEW YORK JOURNAL OF MEDICINE.—Edited by Samuel Forey, M.D.—New York: Langley.—This work appears bi-monthly, and is replete with highly interesting and curious matter. It is also published in handsome style.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR MAY, 1844.—Our greatest periodical favorite, as far as its literature is concerned, is before us, containing more than its usual

portion of good things. There are two, however, which, without agreeing with them in every respect, we would commend to careful and deliberate perusal. These are "Commercial Reciprocity and the American System," from the pen, we believe, of Mr. Cambreling; and "Reminiscences of Modern English Literary Men," by Dr. Belcher.

LIFE IN THE NEW WORLD; OR SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.—By *Scatsfield*.—New York: Winchester.—Three parts of this work have been laid on our desk just as we prepare for the press. We announce it because there has been some noise as to the true identity of *Scatsfield*, but have not yet looked into it. We shall do so, however, carefully, at our early leisure.

RICHELIEU IN LOVE: OR THE YOUTH OF CHARLES I.—This is a comedy written but not performed; the "licenser of plays" under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, having put his *veto* upon the representation. The author, therefore publishes the play, and accompanies the publication with an explanatory preface. Now, sooth to say, although with our good will we would not have the press harassed by tyrannical restrictions, yet in the case before us we neither like the play nor the author's defence. The comedy itself, if it minister to either vice or virtue, tends rather to the former than the latter. It does injustice to the character of *Villiers*, Duke of Buckingham, for it makes him both unredeemed and unredeemable profligate, a character more suitable to a later Duke than he, and of the same title, who flourished in the reign of Charles II. It does injustice to the character of Charles—afterwards the unhappy King—who was cold and distant in manner and very moral in his character. It is a weak and very incompetent attempt to grapple with such a character as that of Richelieu, and even suffers the more for the presumption to tread in the steps of Bulwer, who has really illustrated that grand and complex character; and it is, throughout—*explanation* and all—one continued attempt, with manifest hard labour—to say smart things. We do not pretend to understand the ostensible reason for its rejection from the stage, but we do not regret the fiat on general grounds.

LIFE OF GOETHE.—By Henry C. Browning. New York: James Mowatt & Co.—The author of this interesting work announces it to be "from his (Goethe's) autobiographical papers and the contributions of his contemporaries." It is skillfully condensed and makes a volume in two parts of about 145 pages each.

MARIEN'S PILGRIMAGE. A Poem. By Mary Howitt.—The publication before us is No. 6 of the Drawing Room Library, edited by Epes Sargent. It is a very neat series, and well selected,—as indeed the present work is one capital proof. Mr. Sargent has prefaced it with a brief memoir of the esteemed authoress.

THE OMNIBUS. Part II.—This, like the preceding Part, contains six novels or stories, for 25 cents. Cheap enough, although the style of publication is wretchedly shabby.

EDINBURGH REVIEW FOR APRIL, 1844.—The Republication by Mr. L. Scott of this capital periodical has just appeared; it is neatly executed, and, as we said last week, the matter is highly interesting.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR APRIL, 1844.—Mr. Scott's reprint of this work also is just published.

MONDAY EVENING, May 13—1st night of Mr. MACREADY'S Engagement—"Hamlet,"—Hamlet, Mr. Macready.
TUESDAY—"Fortunio," and other entertainments.
WEDNESDAY—3d night of Mr. MACREADY'S Engagement—"Macbeth,"—Macbeth, Mr. Macready.
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY—3d and 4th nights of Mr. MACREADY'S Engagement.
SATURDAY—"Fortunio," and other Entertainments.

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,

(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
No. 385 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11—6m.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.
VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY. (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat WORCESTER, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat CLEOPATRA, Capt. J. K. Duxton, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of D. B. ALLEN, 24 Broadway, (up stairs).

Or of D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting anyone on account of the above boats or owners. May 11—1f.

REMOVAL.

E. BRYAN, SURGEON DENTIST.

MEMBER OF THE "AMERICAN SOCIETY OF DENTAL SURGEONS,"

54 Warren Street, (Removed from 80 Chambers Street.)

RESPECTFULLY notifies the public and those who were his patrons during his former residence, of fifteen years, in Warren-st., Chamber-st., Murray-st., and Broadway, that he has recently returned from the West Indies, and continues the practice of Dentistry in all its branches, embracing the latest improvements in the art, on moderate terms. Those unacquainted with his professional standing are, by permission, referred to Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Dr. JOHN C. CHEESEMAN, Dr. FRANCIS E. BERGER, and ISAAC J. GREENWOOD, Esq., DENTIST. May 11—2f.

M. RADER, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufactured Tobacco. Ap. 20—1y.

MAGAZIN OF PARIS, LONDON, & NEW YORK FASHIONS IN LADIES' HATS. The establishment No. 418 Broadway, two doors above Canal Street, is now open and selling every variety of fashionable Bonnets.

It is expressly designed to be a depot wherein Ladies may be certain of finding an ample and varied supply of all the most fashionable, beautiful, and durable straw hats, as well as those composed of other materials. A direct communication with Paris and London, affords the means of introducing the latest Fashions of those cities, almost as soon as adopted there, to the Ladies of this, the real Metropolis of America. May 4—3m.

SCOTCH ALE; BROWN STOUT; BRANDY; WHISKEY, &c.

Scotch Ale.—Edinburgh, Leith, and Ailsa, pils. and creamery.
 Brown Stout.—Dublin and London.
 Brandy.—Old and Hennessy, Old Dark and Pale, in wood and Bottles.
 Whiskey.—Glenlivet and Islay "real peat reek"
 Rum.—Jamaica Rum, North side, very superior
 Gin.—Old Holland's,
 Wines.—Champagne, Sparkling Hock, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Claret, &c., all of first brands and quality. 100 cases 3 dozen each Old Lisbon White Wine.
 For sale on reasonable terms and in lots to suit purchasers by
ROBERT HOPE HART, 11 Nassau-st., cor. Pine.
 Mar. 9-3m.
 Storage suitable for Scotch Ale, Wines, &c.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pastules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatitis, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascaris, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.
 The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25, 1842.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection; and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1825 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely cut off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 63 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this I used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M.—, under whose treatment I was considered, it was Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla." No, I replied. "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,
 Your friend,

THOMAS LLOYD,

Nutria Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, } On this 25th day of November, 1842, before me came Thos
 City of Brooklyn, ss. } Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper,
 and that he executed the same.

HENRY C. MURPHY, Mayor of the City of Brooklyn.

**WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN
 NORWICH, CONN.**

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to point it to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so sorely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April at sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skillful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 8th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,
 ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

New London, Co., ss. Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.
 Personally appeared, the above-named Avenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,

Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,

Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.
 The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Mar. 9-6m.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

THIS popular and truly wonderful Medicine has, in thousands of instances, produced to invigilate a NEW LIFE, who, after keeping their beds for years, have been so speedily re-invigorated with an infusion of new blood, and consequently of new life and strength, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that their re-appearance amongst their fellow-beings, who had long given them up as incurable, is looked upon as the greatest of the many great wonders of the age.

The number of testimonials of cures by PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are crowding upon the Proprietors daily, and their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most talented and respectable members of the Theatrical Profession, Mr. T. D. RICE, (the original Jim Crow)—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of auspicion. This, (with thousands of similar grateful acknowledgements,) can be seen at the Principal Depot, 304 Broadway.

To Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 304 Broadway, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and arduous practice of my profession, contracted a tightness across the chest, with prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the labour attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England I had recourse to your popular Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, from which I received great benefit. Finding a branch of your House in this city, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and can now sincerely testify to their value and great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS D. RICE, 20 Vestry-street.

This, from a Commission Merchant in the South and New York, is also unexceptionable:—

New York, 26th Dec., 1843.

Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—After having, for two years, severely suffered from a protracted disease of the bowels, together with hemorrhage, which seemed to sully the skill of the best physicians in the South and elsewhere, a few boxes of your valuable Medicine, "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," which I had been persuaded to try,—and which I commenced taking with very little faith in their efficacy—effected an entire and really wonderful cure with me.

I cannot refrain from sending you this testimonial of their excellence, hoping that these Pills may be the means of relieving others, as they have cured me.

You are at liberty to use this voluntary testimonial, as a recommendation of your Pills, to those who may be in doubt of their virtues.—Very respectfully,

J. BURKHARDT, Late of 223 Carondelet-st., New Orleans,
 Now 139 Grand-street, New York.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who has resided about twenty-five years in Southwark, Philadelphia, well known from his great respectability:—

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I feel it will be doing no more than right to inform you of the wonderful benefits I have received by the use of your Pills. I have been afflicted for twenty years or more with a weakness on the breast, the pipes in the throat, dyspepsia and costiveness of the bowels, with very much cough and spitting at times. Latterly, I was seized with asthma, and was so much plagued as to be unable to lie down at night. I am advanced in years, and have tried a great many cures in the course of my life, which in the general left me much weakened without doing any good. Having seen one of the books containing the life of Old Parr, and the cures therein stated, I applied to Mr. Peter Williamson, and procured a box to try them. I soon found they relieved me of my dyspepsia, and also the disease in my throat, and was surprised to discover that I slept good at night, and could lie down comfortably, and when I felt any kind of smothering, I would get up in the night and take one or two Pills, and I would feel better instantly. I am now entirely relieved of all my complaints, and have an excellent appetite, and am of the firm opinion that PARR'S LIFE PILLS are the best medicine I have ever taken for my complaints. From their gentleness with me, and the great good they have done me, I am satisfied they will be of equal benefit to many others thus afflicted.—I am, gentlemen, yours, respectfully,
 Nov. 27, 1843.

JEREMIAH CLARK, Corner of Catherine-st. and
 Passayunk Road, Moyamensing, formerly of Southwark.

The next from Mrs. M. Cling:—

No. 103 Christie-street.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for this twelve years with the liver complaint and dyspepsia, and after trying all advertised medicines, then had recourse to a doctor, who only pained me up. At last the kind hand of Providence pointed out to me the report of Parr's Life Pills, and after attentively and carefully taking a few small boxes, I began to feel like another being—and I ask my cure may be circulated through the United States, so grateful am I for my recovery from the grave.
 M. CLING, 103 Christie-street.

ASTHMA.

Portsmouth, N.H., Nov. 27, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that in this town and neighbourhood your invaluable Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are much praised for their rare virtues and great efficacy in the cure of Asthma, and consequently their sale is considerable. Mr. James Ladd, a gentleman well known here, told me of a friend of his, an elderly lady, who has been troubled with Asthma for the last six years, so much so that she was unable to walk out, or use any exertion. Being advised to try Parr's Life Pills, she found herself considerably relieved by them, and preserving in their use, she was enabled, a few weeks since, not only to go about, but to walk to church, a distance of a quarter of a mile from her residence, a feat she had not accomplished for the last three years.

Another case is that of an Engineer on one of the Eastern Railroads, who, after having tried numerous other Medicines and found no relief, but a short time since, began to take Parr's Life Pills for the above distressing complaint, and I am happy to say at this present writing he is fast recovering.—I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

The following, being a translation from a German letter, by Mr. Etting, a native of Germany, now living at 167 Ludlow-street—

New York, Dec. 28, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—It is rarely that we Germans can be induced to have recourse to the so-called patent medicines, as we seldom have confidence in them. A friend of mine, however, induced me to try PARR'S LIFE PILLS, as a cure for habitual costiveness and sick head-ache, of which I had suffered for years, and for which I could find no efficacious remedy.

A few boxes of your Pills, which I bought of your Agent, have, thank God, been the means of perfectly restoring my health. I have also used these Pills in my family, and with such excellent success, that I shall henceforth keep a constant supply in my house. Should there be persons who would doubt the good effects of this Medicine, I beg to refer them to me, and it would give me much pleasure to show my gratitude for the relief they have afforded me, by recommending them to others.—Respectfully,

C. ETTING, 167 Ludlow-street.

Mr. J. H. Bowman writes as follows:—

Vergennes, Nov. 8, 1843.

Messrs. THOS. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I have closed the sale of all the PARR'S LIFE PILLS sent me, and will remit the balance by our Mr. Roberts, who will be in your city in a few days. The Pills are much liked, and give great satisfaction, and are now in considerable demand, and I have told my customers if they would be patient a few days I would have some more. You will please therefore send me an equal quantity of each size immediately, by railroad to Albany.—Yours respectfully,
 J. H. BOWMAN.

Fountain Head Tavern, 96 Duane-street.

The Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—Gentlemen—I cannot be silent on the subject of your Medicine, after experiencing such benefit from it. I am grateful to you that my health has been re-established, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, after suffering much from dyspepsia for years. To show that gratitude, I shall be pleased, by your using my name, as one that can and will, at all times, testify to their great efficacy in one of the most severe cases of dyspepsia that probably ever occurred.—I am, gentlemen, Yours, respectfully,
 S. BROWN.

January 10, 1844.

The following letter is from Mr. Thomas Elder, a gentleman of this city:—

New York, 17th Jan., 1844.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure in being able to bear testimony in regard to the benefits to be derived from the use of your invaluable Medicine, known as "PARR'S LIFE PILLS." For a series of years I have been subjected to severe bilious attacks, attended with nausea and derangement of the digestive organs, and applied the ordinary remedies without relief. A friend made me a present of one box of your Pills, with a recommendation to try them. Before I had used the whole of them I found their salutary effects, and have continued the use of them up to the present time with great benefit. As a family medicine, from their gentle nature, they are of infinite service, when applied in sickness, to children, of which I have had sufficient experience in my own family. Indeed, I esteem them as the most safe and efficacious medicine now in use.—I am, gentlemen, Your most ob'dt. servt.,
 THOMAS ELDER.

They can be had at the Office of the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., No. 304 Broadway, Second Floor.
 Mar. 20-4f.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—PUBLISHED WEEKLY
EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF 20 ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER
 THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Established May 14, 1842—a Pictured Family Newspaper, containing Essays on Public Affairs, Literature, Fine Arts, The Drama, Sporting Intelligence, Science, and a record of all the events of the week at home, abroad, or in the Colonies; the whole illustrated in a high style of art by engravers of the first eminence, printed in a form convenient for binding, and comprising 16 PAGES and 48 COLUMNS OF LETTER PRESS, in a typography consistent with the beauty and neatness of the Embellishments.

The Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have no longer to usher forth the world a mere prospectus of a purpose and design. The project which they at first conceived in a spirit of sanguine ambition, has within a comparatively short period, been crowned with the most gratifying and unprecedented success. With the rapidity of tropical vegetation, their seed has grown to fruit, and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now the only FAMILY NEWSPAPER, properly so characterized, which, exceeding all its contemporaries in the amount of public patronage allotted to it, can claim a CIRCULATION OF 50,000 COPIES, and proudly takes rank as the first of all the weekly journals of the empire.

The fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the community are indebted for the first combination of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the fine arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society,—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—encourage belles-lettres and beaux arts—foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

To achieve this, the proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in literature and art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favor and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press. When this beautiful work is considered in all its details—the talent and skill of the artists—the elaborate execution of the engraver, notwithstanding the rapidity with which many of the engravings have been done—the varied talent displayed in the editorial department—the beauty of its printing—the quality of its paper, and, unlike all other newspapers, is well worthy of preservation, forming as it does a splendid volume every half year, and a work of art never surpassed,—besides various other items which could be enumerated, it must be acknowledged, that in these days of cheap literature, it is beyond comparison the greatest wonder that ever issued from the press.

* The great success of the Illustrated London News renders it necessary that the public should be on their guard that inferior publications are not substituted for this paper.
 * The "Illustrated London News" is published every Saturday, and maybe had of all the booksellers in the United States and Canada.

N.B.—Also all the back numbers. March 16-17

"The Blood is the Life of the Flesh."—HOLY WRIT.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

THAT the blood is the life of the body, I presume is undisputed, therefore I shall say that it being the SEAT OF LIFE, it must also be the seat of disease. If disease be in the blood, we should abstract the disease only, not the blood itself. It is the impurities which must be removed by Brandreth's Pills to secure our health, in all states of the weather, in all situations, and in all climates. The blood, like a good spirit, is always trying to benefit the body by its struggles to expel impurities. But it is not capable to effect its own purification at all times; to do so it must often have assistance. When the blood is loaded with impurities, especially in this climate, the consequence may be fatal, provided the blood is not purified at once, and this is sure to be effected if Brandreth's Pills are used.

No time must be lost by the use of foolish remedies, such as bleeding or mercury, for they both only put off the evil day to make it more fatal. Even in inflammatory diseases bleeding never ought to be resorted to, for in nine cases out of ten it will take away the power of nature to effect the cure, even when aided by Brandreth's Pills. They can take out the impurities from the blood, but alas! they cannot put new blood into the body immediately, this requires time, but they CAN REGENERATE OLD BLOOD, but the old blood must be there. It is at all times easier to eradicate mercury from the system and restore the mercurialized being to full health, than it is to effect the restoration of the man who has repeatedly been bled. Bleeding and the effects of opium are the greatest antagonists the Brandreth's Pills have to contend against. Let us therefore be wise, and when sickness assails us, abstract the disease out of THE BLOOD, not the blood out of the body, which bleeding does.

Now, Brandreth's Pills not only purify the blood, but they lessen the quantity, at the same time they make the quality better. They only take the worn out parts from the blood, those which it retained, would be a source of disease. The good effects which are derived from Brandreth's Pills have to be felt to be believed. The seeds of decay can be constantly eradicated by their use, and the PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—THE BLOOD—strengthened. Thus protracting vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been accustomed to see the faltering step and the enfeebled intellect.

Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the Blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed is to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and, generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life, they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by Brandreth's Pills, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

All GENUINE BRANDRETH PILLS have six signatures of Doctor Brandreth on each box. Two on each label. Be careful of counterfeits.

Sold at 25 cents per box, at Dr. Brandreth's principal office, 241 Broadway, and also at his retail offices 276 Bowery, and 1891 Hudson-st.; and by Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn; Lyman & Co. Montreal; Rigney & Co. Toronto. Mar. 16-4m.

PERKINS HOUSE, 19 Pearl Street, Boston.—Messrs. VIGNES & GORDON would respectfully announce to their Friends and the Public, that their extensive and commodious Hotel, the PERKINS HOUSE, has been newly furnished throughout, and is now in every particular well calculated for the accommodation of Travellers and the Public generally. For comfort, convenience, and location, it is not surpassed by any Hotel in the city; and they can assure those who may favor them with their patronage that every effort will be used to have every delicacy on the Table, and their Wines, &c., will be found of the best quality.

Very superior accommodation for families, and charges moderate. Apr. 27-3m.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
 Reference—G. Merie, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
 Aug. 30-11.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all esteemed species and varieties, Gr. enhouse plants of all the most beautiful flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with pleasure. Apr. 20-11.

TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton possesses to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 20-11.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets), New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "MCGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances. Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. [Mar. 9-11.

W. RHOODENDROON'S NEW COLLECTION OF AMERICAN SEEDLINGS.—AZALIAS, RHODODENDRONS, GERANIUMS, ROSES, and DAHLIAS, are now many of them in fine bloom at the Garden and Conservatories in Henry Street, near the South Ferry, Brooklyn, (late establishment of Mr. Perry.) His new variety of RHODODENDRON GRANDIFLORA, is the most magnificent flowering plant now in this country, and cannot be seen elsewhere. His new Azalias consist of both Greenhouse and hardy Garden varieties; his new DAHLIAS, LADY ASHBURTON, and Mrs. WEBSTER, are now for sale, in roots or plants, from \$2 to 50 cents each. Bouquets, beautifully made up, at reasonable prices. Apr. 13-31. 11.

TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED.)

Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N. Y.

THE PROPRIETOR of this well known establishment having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a Sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitting exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuation of the same. Mar. 16-11.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—
 The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.

Do do 2, fine do

Do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is adapted to the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph GilloTT's Calligraphic Pen, No. 1—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a gross, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—
 Abbotford, Stratford-upon-Avon,
 Newstead Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,
 The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington.

The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—

Patent, Magnum Bonum,
 Victoria, Damascus,
 Eagle, New York Fountain,
 Columus, Peruvian,
 on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph GilloTT" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by
 HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.
 A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale. Nov. 4-11.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1 July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Feb. 16 Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1 Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16 Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1 Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16 Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	
Columbus,	G. A. Coie,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1 Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16	
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16 Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
 C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
 and to BARRING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 3.